

THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY. By Arnot Reid.

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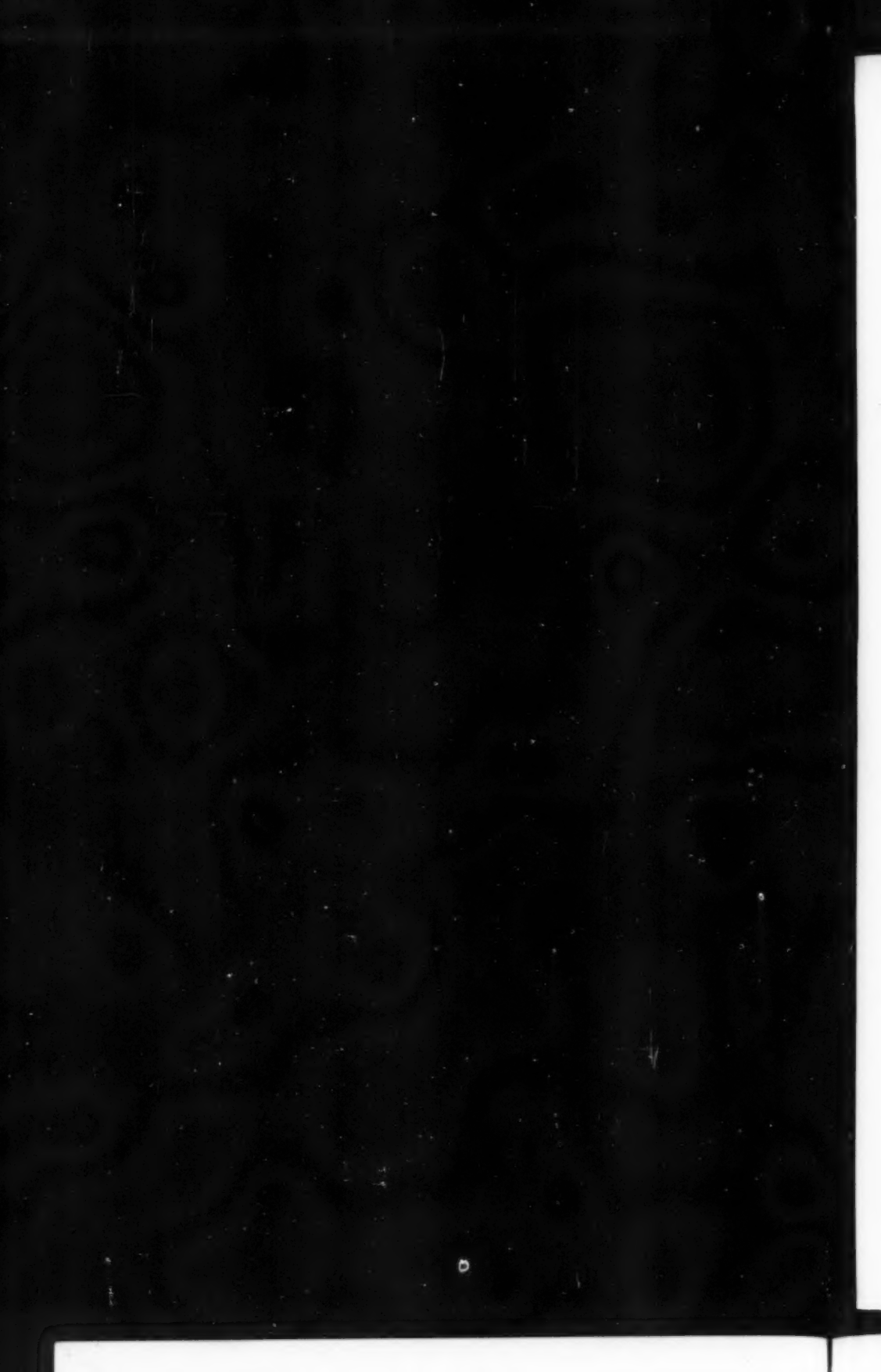
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Volume I. }

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FROM BEGINNING
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THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

Between September 28th and October 6th I traversed the whole length of the Trans-Siberian Railway, so far as it is yet constructed. Starting from Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, I ended at Cheliabinsk, the town where the Siberian system connects with the railways of European Russia. Nor did I stop there, for Cheliabinsk is only the terminus in an arbitrary and conventional sense. The real terminus—the terminus at which I arrived on October 10th, without any break of journey—is Moscow. It may, therefore, be of interest to give some notes of the whole railroad journey, which covered 3,600 miles, and occupied between Irkutsk and Moscow exactly three hours less than twelve days and nights of continuous travel. Let me premise that I was on my way from Peking to St. Petersburg, travelling through China to the Great Wall at the pass of Kalgan, thence across the desert of Gobi, and through Mongolia to the Siberian frontier. Broadly speaking, I followed, although not closely, the route that was adopted in the first communications that ever took place between Russia and China, the route that has since been used for the caravan tea trade and that has been adopted by the Russian Government as its method of postal intercourse with China. By that route I entered Russian territory at Kizhi, the most easterly town of Siberia. Thence, continuing westerly, one makes for Lake Baikal, a vast freshwater sea lying on the Siberian

plateau at a height of 1,500 ft. and covering no less an area than 14,500 square miles. It was on the eastern side of Lake Baikal—the side furthest from Europe—that I struck the railway in course of construction. Coming from the east, passing through lands sparsely inhabited by a pastoral people, I turned sharp round the corner of a hill, and found myself on the railway track, and in the immediate neighborhood of a village crowded with thousands of workmen,—a railway town, as the Americans would put it. It was the town of Masova, on the eastern shore of Lake Baikal.

It may be well to explain here that Lake Baikal lies right in the path of the Trans-Siberian Railway. It cannot be bridged, for it is a sea. It can be, and is, traversed by considerable steamers, but in winter these steamers cannot ply, for the lake is frozen hard. It cannot be turned save by a very long detour, and that detour the original designers of the railway rather shirked, not so much, perhaps, because of its length as because of the difficult character of the ground. The lake lies in a deep basin formed by very steep and rocky hills, and to take the railway round the lake end will involve huge cutting and embankment works. Therefore the scheme has been to construct the railway from Europe to a convenient point on the western shore of the lake, and to arrange to take the traffic across to the eastern shore by means of a boat, that

shall be at once a ferry steamer and an ice-breaker. The point selected on the eastern shore is Masova—where I struck the railway—and on the western shore, the place chosen is called Listvenitchala, the point at which the Ungara river debouches from the lake. These two points are not opposite to each other, the distance between them being 40 miles, considerably more than the breadth of the lake in that neighborhood. At both sides very considerable harbor works are in course of construction, and on the western side the ice-breaker is being built by Russian workmen, under the superintendence of engineers from Newcastle-on-Tyne. It is a large and costly boat, designed to carry a whole train, and it is very doubtful whether it will be finished for two years more. Meanwhile, the administration of the railway has awakened to the fact that it is unreasonable to expose so great, so costly, and so important a road to the delays and risks that will be inseparable from ferry traffic across an ice-bound sea, to be conducted by one steamer, and that steamer in itself a mere experiment. So the route round the head of the lake is being surveyed, and the work of construction will be begun next spring. It will be pushed on as quickly as is possible, but, since it is full of engineering difficulties, and since the use of the Trans-Baikal section of the road is urgently desired, the harbor works and the ice-breaker will be carried on simultaneously. The theory, in a word, is that no risk of a block must be allowed and that the railway authorities shall, as soon as possible, be able either to send trains round the head of the lake or to ferry them across its surface.

I struck the railway works, as I have said, at Masova, on the eastern side of Lake Baikal,—Trans-Baikal as the Russians call everything east of the lake. From there the line has already been graded so far as Strellinsk, about 800

miles east of Baikal, and the whole of that 800 miles was intended to be laid next year. But since that was arranged a great change has come in the whole plan of the Trans-Baikal section of the line. Port Arthur and Talienswan have been acquired, and running rights have been obtained through Manchuria. The earliest objective of the line is no longer Vladivostok,—it is Port Arthur. As a consequence, the original plan, nay, even the second plan, of the line has been reconsidered. It is being proposed to vary a section of the amended scheme in favor of a more direct route to Port Arthur. That more direct Port Arthur route is now being surveyed; and, substantially, it is proposed that the place of divergence from the original and from the still later route shall be at or near Chital, a point some 500 miles east of Lake Baikal, and some considerable distance short of Strellinsk, to which latter place, as I have said, the line is already graded. Speaking broadly, this means something more than a saving in distance. It means—I quote the talk of Siberian railway engineers—that for all practical purposes of railway administration and shipping facilities, the real terminus of the Russian railway system shall be in the Gulf of Pe-chi-li. To put it plainly, the great railway to Vladivostok will cease to be a main line to Vladivostok. It will become a railway to the China Sea, with a branch to Vladivostok.

Although the rails are laid to Listvenitchala, on the western shore of Lake Baikal, the railway is not yet open to there for general traffic, nor will it be open till next year. The line is open to Irkutsk, a town about forty miles west of the lake, and charmingly situated on the Ungara river which flows from the lake towards the northern seas. But, unhappily for Irkutsk, the town is, for railway purposes, on the wrong bank of the river. The rail-

way making for Lake Balkal comes from the west and finds the town of Irkutsk on the eastern bank of the Ungara. If it were a commercial railway it would, no doubt, be taken across the river and into Irkutsk, which is a fine city, the capital of Eastern Siberia, and the center of all the trade with China, with further Siberia, and with Europe. But the railway is a strategical line, seeking the easiest route to Lake Balkal, and the easiest route is to run along the river's western bank towards the lake. Therefore, when I say that the line is open to Irkutsk, I qualify that by adding that it is open to a point about five miles from the town. You reach that point from Irkutsk by traversing a bridge and a ferry so densely crowded with traffic that I was told to allow myself four hours to cover the five miles; and I actually did take nearly two hours, although the Chief of Police had very kindly given me the escort of an officer, who gave my carriage precedence of all competing traffic. That state of matters, however, will not continue very long. The railway will not come into Irkutsk, but it will come nearer to the town, and a proper bridge and roadway will be made.

It was on the afternoon of September 28th that I left Irkutsk by rail, with snow on the ground, and with the thermometer at freezing point. My destination was Moscow, about 3,200 miles distant; and the time I had estimated for the journey was twelve days. The actual time, as it turned out, was three hours less than my estimate,—28½ hours of continuous travel, unbroken save by two ferries, and, at each ferry, a change of carriage. It may occur to some to ask why I speak of "my estimate,"—where were the railway time-tables? There were none. The railway to Irkutsk had only been opened a few weeks before I arrived there, and time-tables for that section did not yet

exist. A train was started only every second day, and when it would arrive at any particular place, no one appeared to know. We started an hour late, and with twenty-six persons in a second-class carriage which was seated for fifteen, and which for all-night travel would have been comfortable for ten. The fact is, that for the comparatively newly-opened section east of Krasnoyarsk, no first-class cars have, as yet, been provided, while on the still newer section between Irkutsk and the town of Zeema on the river Oka, there is an insufficiency even of second-class cars. The explanation of that, of course, is that, partly to oblige the public, the railway has been opened sooner than was intended, and before it is fully equipped. It is a reasonable explanation; but none the less, the first twenty-four hours of the Siberian Railway were passed in a muddle of travel. I had not gathered that it was necessary to form a party, to make a rush for a compartment, to fill it with your baggage, and to hold it against all comers. Later, and under the able tuition of a party of engineer students, I learned to take my share in that, and other arts of Siberian travel; but at the offset I was out of it. Alone, with my baggage lying in the passage way, and wearing an expression of patient discomfiture, I must have looked the picture of the helpless foreigner. That was my salvation. The wife of a Government official, addressing me in French, made seat room for me. The engineer students made room for my baggage. An Odessa Jewess gave me a cup of tea. Everybody, indeed, was as nice as could be; but twenty-six persons cannot comfortably dine, sup, sleep, and play cards in a carriage berthed for ten. However, the night wore through, and in the early afternoon of the following day the train drew up on the banks of the river

Oka in a snowstorm, and we all proceeded to look at the river and wait for the ferry boat. Shelter, there was none. Of knowledge as to when we could get across, there was none. But after some three hours we did get across, and were awarded with an excellent dinner at Zeema station, and the news that in place of a half-car for the second-class people, we should now get two half-cars. My diary, I find, contains the significant entry, "only thirteen persons in the car. Slept soundly all night." Let me add here that most of these discomforts ended at Krasnoyarsk, which is 660 miles from Irkutsk, and which we reached after exactly 100 hours of continuous travel. Immediately before entering Krasnoyarsk station, on our fourth day out, we had to cross in the dark two arms of the great river Yenisei, finding our own transport and conveying our own baggage. On the Yenisei as at the Oka, the railway simply dumped us out, and let us find our own way. But after we entered Krasnoyarsk station, in a blaze of electric light, we found everything changed. We got first-class tickets; we booked our baggage right through to Moscow; we found a buffet, with waiters in evening dress, and a menu in French; in a word, we had passed from an unfinished to a completed railway system.

I am anxious to make that point clear. To describe my journey over the Siberian Railway without noting the discomforts would be to suppress the truth. To describe the discomforts without explaining the causes for them would be to distort the truth. The railway from Irkutsk to Krasnoyarsk is open, but it is not finished. The rivers Oka and Yenisei are unbridged. The rolling stock is insufficient for the traffic which has been much beyond expectations. The traffic arrangements are experimental. So

much does the railway management recognize that situation, that when a special excursion *train de luxe* was arranged to be run from London and Paris in the month previous to my journey, the management would not take it further than Krasnoyarsk. In the same spirit the administration runs a *train de luxe* once a week over a large part of the system, but declines to take it further east at present than Tomsk, which is considerably west of Krasnoyarsk. It was my desire to get the *train de luxe*, but to do so I should have had to wait five days; so I was content with a passing look at it when I met it on the line. It contains all the facilities and conveniences of travel that any one need desire—dining-room, smoking-room, bath-room, and the like—and, though it only runs a part of the way at present, it need not be doubted that in a year or two more the same facilities will be extended as far as Irkutsk. In the meantime, the railway administration, in refusing to sell first-class tickets for any place beyond Krasnoyarsk, may reasonably be considered to give notice that, beyond that point, a certain amount of roughness may be expected.

It is, perhaps, in the same spirit that the railway fares are dearest where the accommodation is worst,—or, perhaps, it would be better to say are least cheap, for in no case are they dear. From Irkutsk to Krasnoyarsk, a distance of 660 miles, I paid, for second-class fare, and omitting odd kopecks, the sum of thirty roubles, or, taking the rouble at 2s. 2d., say 65s. From Krasnoyarsk to Moscow, a distance of about 2,600 miles, I paid a first-class fare of 53 roubles; or, if I had travelled second, I should have paid 32 roubles. On examination, therefore, it will be seen that on the further east section, I was being carried, second-class, at the rate of 30 miles for a rouble, while on the western section I could have had the

same class of accommodation at the rate of about 84 miles for a rouble. To complete the information let me add that, as I understand it, the third-class fare would have been less than 22 roubles, whilst there still remains a fourth-class at a cost of less than 15 roubles. Take the rouble as 2s. 2d. Take the second-class accommodation as equal to the very best second-class afforded by the English lines—for it includes folding sleeping berths—and we find the rate on the western section to work out as not very much above one farthing per mile. In that class of carriage the middle-class Russian travels, unless he be very wealthy indeed; and for that farthing a mile, he gets all the accommodation that is necessary for a long journey.

When discussing the cost of travelling on the different sections of the Siberian Railway, it may be convenient to note that the newly-opened eastern section surpasses the western section in slowness just as much as in cost. Between Irkutsk and Krasnoyarsk you take one hundred hours for 600 miles, and pay (second class) at the rate of a rouble for thirty miles. Between Krasnoyarsk and Moscow you take 185 hours for about 2,600 miles, and since you go quicker, you pay at the lower rate of a rouble for 85 miles. You pay a high price for six and a half miles an hour, and you pay a low price for 14 miles an hour,—which latter is the quickest rate you get. On that I have built the curious theory, that perhaps the administration makes its calculations by time, as well as by distance, and desires the passenger to pay so much an hour. That would not seem wholly unreasonable.

The Trans-Siberian Railway, travelling from Europe, begins at the town of Cheliabinsk, about 160 miles east of the frontier line of Russia in Europe, and about 2,480 kilometers east of St. Petersburg. From Cheliabinsk to

Vladivostok, on the original survey (now much reduced by the Manchurian route) is 4,740 miles, and of that distance the line is complete to Irkutsk, a distance of about 2,000 miles. About five hundred miles of that were opened this autumn, and throughout the summer and autumn the rails were being laid at the rate of four miles a day. That is rapid work, and is said to exceed anything that has hitherto been done on a big scale, in any part of the world. The track is laid on the standard broad gauge, the same as that of the Russian railways, so that for military purposes everything fits. The one defect is that on the eastern sections the rails are too light to permit of trains being run at high speed. The rails are about 47 lb. to the yard, as against the eighty pound rails that are in use in England and America, and the sixty pound rail which is the customary weight on the Russian lines. These rails, or part of them, are made in the country by two State-helped iron foundries—both of which give a yearly deficit—and I am told that they were supplied during the present year, at the price of one rouble and 17 kopecks per Russian pood of 36 lb. 10 oz. During the previous year the price paid was 31 kopecks per pood higher, the reduction being presumably due to improved facilities of transport and labor. It seems obvious that ultimately, and probably soon, these light rails will have to be replaced by something much heavier. Nevertheless, I am not prepared to suggest that any error of judgment has been made. In a country where the spring thaws will lead to a great upheaval of the track, it is probable that within a year or two after the opening of a railway a general relaying of rails may become necessary. It may, therefore, be quite wise to begin with light rails, and to replace these by heavier ones when relaying.

The metal is not lost, but can be remelted at the local foundries.

The works of the line generally have been carried out in a very thorough fashion. The stations, of which there is one every 15 to 20 miles, are well built of brick and stone, and are well equipped with all necessary offices, including invariably a water tower. Everywhere the station buildings are on a siding, allowing the main line to be left clear for through traffic. That main line, of course, is a single line; but within the last few months an order has been issued that a siding shall be built every seven versts, or, say, each four miles. As my informant put it:—"We intend to be able to keep the line clear, lest we have to send an army over it." Further, sixty new engines and forty old ones stand waiting to be used. They are officially allocated to the Trans-Baikal section—the section not yet laid—but, of course, they are available for any use in emergency. These new engines, I was told, were locally made at a cost of 38,000 roubles each, as against an offer of 32,000 from England. But the order is that the railway shall be built of Russian material and by Russians, the solitary exception being when Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., are constructing the Lake Baikal ice-breaker on Lake Baikal. That order against foreigners, however, has not been so strictly interpreted as to prevent the influx of considerable numbers of Italians, mostly stone cutters, who work on the line chiefly at piecework rates. One result of this refusal to use foreign aid struck me as amusing. At the highest point of the railway, on the section as yet unlaid, about 430 miles east of Baikal, the line is to be carried through a solid rock, cutting over one hundred ft. deep. "That," said my informant proudly, "is the deepest railway cutting in the world." It was on the tip of my tongue to answer, that any people who knew

about railways would have made a tunnel, but I remembered that a sharp answer would probably dam the river of information of which I was greedily drinking.

The line, over the whole route that I traversed, presents no engineering difficulties, unless we reckon an alleged quicksand near the Yenisei, which has taken, and may yet take, a good deal of filling. The rivers are all bridged except the Oka and the Yenisei, and both of these bridges are in hand,—the latter to be a thousand metres long. All the important bridges are of iron, but many smaller ones are of wood, and wisely so. Timber exists by the side of the line, and the Russian is an expert worker in wood. To use the material at hand, even if it involve more frequent repair, is probably the better, and is certainly the quicker, plan.

From Irkutsk, westwards to Krasnoyarsk, they only run, at present, three passenger trains each week. From Krasnoyarsk, further westward, they run one passenger train daily. On both sections it is being found that the service is insufficient for the traffic that offers, and I doubt not that next spring the existing facilities will be greatly increased. Meanwhile there is general overcrowding in all classes. Apart from that easily understandable defect of a new railway in a new country, the arrangements are generally good. Excellent refreshment rooms and buffets are placed at convenient intervals, while for the poorer passengers the country people have been allowed to establish stalls beside the stations, where coarse black bread, meat, cooked chickens, and other such provisions are sold at cheap rates. At every station on the furthest eastern section, the railway supplies, free of cost, boiling water, with which the passengers make their own tea. At each station there is a telegraph office and a postal letter box.

Everywhere we met immigrant trains from the south, from the densely-peopled agricultural districts of Russia, carrying settlers to people Siberia. Sometimes we met three or four such trains in a day, long trains of fourth-class carriages, bringing not merely men, but whole families. It is for these people that the food stalls have sprung up at the stations. It is for these people that the Administration, with kindly forethought, provide boiling water at every station. I understand that the scheme of Siberian immigration included no less than two hundred thousand families in the present year, and that an equally large movement is expected next year. I saw a good deal of these immigrants at the various wayside halts. Hardy, simple, frugal, and kindly people, I can imagine no better class from which to build up a new Russia in Asia. Their very defect, a rash zeal in the procreation of children, is a useful quality in a country that has still to be filled. These people will fill it. The country may never be agriculturally rich, because east of the Urals, when you dig a few feet, even in summer, you strike frozen ground. But even east of the Urals crops of spring wheat can be snatched, and the hardier cereals will no doubt flourish. Further, coal and iron abound at intervals along the line of railway, and gold, copper, and other minerals have been found every where that the railway goes. Wood clothes the route of the railway from Vladivostok to the river Ube, a distance of 4,000 miles, and, after the Steppes are

The London Times.

passed, forests again abound in the Urals. In such a country what limits can one set to the increase of a hardy people, who have already a phenomenal birth-rate.

I write of the Trans-Siberian Railway; but that railway was to me only a section of a journey which began at Peking and ended at St. Petersburg on the fiftieth day after leaving Peking. While I made that journey, the practical dethronement of the Emperor of China turned the world's gaze to Peking, as the peace proposals of the Tsar in part, turned the world's thoughts to St. Petersburg. I am unable to think of China without thinking of the Siberian Railway. I am unable to write of the railway without thinking of the Tsar's desire for "peace in our time." If I were Tsar of Russia, and if I were free from immediate personal ambition, "peace in our time" would be my desire, and the completion of the Siberian Railway, and the opening of Siberia would be my life-work. The outlet to the China Sea having been obtained, there is no need for Russia to hasten. There is abundant reason for her to wait. When immigration and the birth-rate have filled Siberia with the Tsar's subjects, when Russian organization and Russian trade have set their mark on Manchuria, things will have a natural tendency to happen. If I were Tsar I should wait for that. There is, of course, the risk that, while waiting, China may be reorganized. If I were Tsar I should take the risk of that, and put my faith on the railway, and immigration, and the birth-rate.

Arnot Reid.

THE FROST.

The frost has walked across my world,
Has killed the shallows and has curled
The ferns. Ah, Summer, at what cost.
For harvest, you invite the frost!

Philip Henry Savage.

CONSTANCE.*

BY TH. BENTZON (*Mme. Blanc*).

Translated for The Living Age by Mrs. E. W. Latimer.

CHAPTER XIX.

The last weeks of that autumn were rainy, which is very rare in Gascony, and the unusual dampness brought much sickness in its train. About the middle of December a case of diphtheria made its appearance in the most unsanitary part of the neighborhood; it was in a lonely farmhouse, standing on the shore of a little lake, whose sluggish waters lay under the shelter of some pine trees, and were overgrown with rushes. The epidemic spread to the village, and several young children were borne, one after the other, to the graveyard.

One of the little boys of La Pistôlere had been attacked; the doctor managed to save him, and he saved some others, but he worked night and day, sometimes as a doctor and sometimes as a nurse, for the parents of the children were beside themselves in the presence of this terrible unknown malady, and did not know how to apply the remedies he ordered, showing more than the usual incapacity of peasants when the care of the sick is required. M. Vidal visited his patients at all hours, going in and out of these infected houses, which he insisted that all other people should avoid for fear of contagion.

"Let me attend to them," he said. "I can manage it. I am an old man, case-hardened, so I have nothing to fear. I have a doctor's privilege, besides, and a doctor, as every one knows, is invulnerable."

On this point the doctor would lis-

ten to none of his daughter's expostulations. He was obstinate when health was in question, and he made her promise to obey him to the letter. She was, therefore, reduced to watching for him on his return from his rounds, and he often came back disheartened and depressed by the sad scenes he had witnessed, and with compassion depicted on his features. Before he would go near his daughter he always changed his clothes and took all possible precautions, sufficient, as he said laughingly, to prevent infection from a leper, or a fellow stricken with the plague, and then he would come to her for rest and refreshment, thankful at heart that she had not so far obeyed him as to seek refuge at Nérac with the Durantons.

By tacit agreement the father and daughter touched on no painful subjects during those short hours of rest and change of scene. Constance did her best in every way to amuse her father. Sometimes, out of curiosity, he would lead her to talk on religious subjects, just as he would have tried to analyze a remedy whose effects surprised him, or to seek for some ingredient in it whose presence he suspected. He listened to her answers and explanations, shaking his head with an indulgent smile, as he might have listened to the talk of a child.

And he laughed when she said: "But it is you, father, who are a saint, whether you will or no, when you practice such charity. M. le curé said the other day how greatly he was edified by seeing you putting the leeches on little Jacquille at the Tapio.

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He thought you so tender and so patient, and he said to me, 'Ah, if your father only did that for the love of the good God! He would be securing himself a splendid crown.' "

The idea of a crown made the doctor laugh, but he shrugged his shoulders.

"I do such things," he said, "because they belong to my profession, and to expect a crown for having tried to save a poor little wretch, whom I did not save after all, would be, *ma foi!* an exorbitant demand. Anyhow, any kind of a crown would incommode me dreadfully, and I expect no recompense. You can tell your curé that, as I look for nothing, I shall not be disappointed."

"And maybe he will answer, that perhaps you may be startled some day by a surprise."

"All right. We shall see. But I must say, I do not find myself any the worse for being quite disinterested in doing the little I can do for others."

"Well, then," said Constance gayly, "if you won't be a saint, you are at least a hero."

"I accept that compliment for all doctors."

"And as I am not a heroine in what relates to my dear papa—my only blessing—I implore you to spare yourself, and to call on some other doctor to help you."

"When I feel worn out, you mean. Then I will, I promise you. But meantime I have great hopes that the epidemic will have come to an end. A doctor who should beat a retreat before it would seem to me like a soldier who only cared for the pleasures and leisure of peace. People have always had excellent health here,—it was humiliating for me. I must not disgrace myself in my first campaign."

What he called his "first campaign" proved to be his last. One night, a few days before Christmas, he came

home saying that Constance was right, and that he was going to call to his aid another doctor from Nérac. He could do no more, which, he declared, was proof that old folks were good for very little. Perhaps he had taken cold. He only trusted that it was not that devil of a malady that he was bringing into his home with him. Ah, yes, in that case his daughter must be brave, and leave him to the care of Catnon. He would get well sooner so, because he would have no anxiety. But in his heart he said, "I am done for." And as the fever increased, this conviction escaped from him in a few broken words, which Constance pretended she did not hear.

"I wish I could have left you in good hands, my daughter."

After this he never alluded to the subject, feeling that his poor child would have sorrow enough to bear in the terrible trial that was about to come upon her, without its being aggravated by his useless complaints.

She strove passionately to rescue him from death, hoping that if this could not be done she might be permitted to follow him, and offering to God the love that she felt was a guilty love, in exchange for that dear life, as if it depended upon her to pluck her love for Raoul from her heart. But at last the moment came when all hope failed, and when the cruel words were spoken, "All is of no use."

She prayed that night on her knees beside the bed, where, supported by pillows, the sick man, pale, and breathing with difficulty, lay in an interval of quiet. Suddenly looking at him in the gleam of the lamp which struggled with the gray light of the winter dawn, she saw that he had opened his eyes and was looking at her, while his lips feebly strove to frame some words. Was he repeating after her her words of prayer, or were they only words of tenderness? She tried to rise, that

she might be sure, but a slight gesture, which, however, she could not misinterpret, made her continue to kneel, and to speak for him to the unknown God. Yes, that indeed was what he wanted, for when she had obeyed him he seemed satisfied, and asked for nothing more. A feeling of triumphant joy glided into the sorrowful heart of the young girl. Thenceforward she could feel satisfied that her sacrifice had not been made in vain. It had convinced an unbelieving soul of the help God can give to weakness to enable it to rise above itself. Without any words she had attracted his attention to spiritual things; she had shown him what scientists held to be impossible, a miracle.

From time to time she ceased praying, that she might press her lips to the clammy hand she held, which, by a slight pressure, hardly perceptible, seemed to ask her to pray on; she therefore continued pleading aloud the cause of a good man who had sought truth all his life, who had never turned his face away from those who were poor, or those who suffered, and who was dying trustfully, not knowing what would be the end of the journey of his life—annihilation or eternity—but prepared to accept whatever might be in store for him. She did not weep; her voice was firm and clear. The duty thus laid on her gave her strength of which she could not have believed herself capable.

He lay resting for some time; then she thought she might venture one thing more. She whispered a few pleading words into his ear, but at the word "priest" he moved and murmured:

"No—no. Go on—you—only you—"

She knelt down once more. And thus the daughter served as an humble mediatrix between the investigating spirit, eager to secure proofs by ex-

periment, which was now about to *know*, and the God who manifests Himself at the time He has appointed by such means as seem good to Himself. What matter if it be at the last moment of life, when time, as we measure it, will be no more?

CHAPTER XX.

Six weeks had passed since the day when the doctor had been laid under the yew trees of the little graveyard, followed to that resting-place by the good people for whom he had given up his life, and who mourned for him as for a father. Constance was a hundred times more broken down than she had been on the first day after his death. All the courage she had almost superhumanly displayed had left her, since there was now no one she could comfort or uphold. What was the use of taking care of herself now? Why should she exercise any self-control? Who would ever suffer if he saw her suffer? There was no longer any need of brave endurance.

A terrible reaction had taken place in her. Her will had lost its energy, her faith its ardor. It seemed to her as if there was nothing left for her to do in this world, except to pay a daily visit to that tomb upon whose stone she read and re-read, with a dazed vision, the name of Philippe Vidal, inscribed beside that of the wife he had loved. And she would say to herself, "Is it possible he can be lying here? Can he have gone to rejoin her? Where are they both now? Can they know that I am left here, desolate and lonely?"

All the certainty of God's goodness that she had tried to infuse into her father's heart, seemed to have passed away from her own. Perhaps her Aunt Edelmone had something to do with this state of feeling, for she overwhelmed her niece with exhorta-

tions drawn from the Old Testament scriptures, to which there seemed to be no end, for, from some time after the doctor's death, the family from Nérac, with the best intentions, were around her from morning till night. The pastor warmly offered her a home under his roof, possibly with a secret hope that she might renew a conversation which she had endeavored to forget. It was either Mme. Duranton, armed with her Old Testament, who had always something to harrow up her thoughts, or it was the newly married Capdevielles, who readily undertook to share her grief for an hour together, and, when that duty had been fulfilled, went back to cooing like turtle doves, which was the only thing in the world of real interest to them.

When Constance had succeeded in making her relatives understand that she meant to remain at the Priory, her aunt, as soon as she was sure there was no danger from diphtheria, insisted that she must have little Louisou to keep her company, at least for a week or two. It would amuse her, she said,—Louisou would be better than nothing!

It is always difficult to make people consent to leave us alone with a sorrow that must be thenceforward our companion all our life. Nobody seems to understand the imperious necessity for solitude felt by the afflicted, or to know how the presence of the living adds pain to the bereaved one, who almost feels as if they had no right to be happy or even to be living. We have all felt this, and yet we all, when the occasion comes, imagine that we ought to see if we cannot comfort others by our consolations. Constance endured this inevitable trial. She was forced to seem to forget that Mme. de Latour-Ambert could never endure the father she had lost, about whose character she now wrote in the most sympathetic terms, and she was

obliged to find plausible excuses for refusing to go to Paris and pour her sorrows into the bosom of her god-mother.

The only expression of sympathy which might have comforted her did not reach her. Raoul de Glynne kept silence. At first she thought it was a mark of submission to her earnest entreaties, but she also thought that such an unexpected catastrophe might have afforded him an excuse for disregarding her demands. She had directed with her own hand a black-edged *billet de faire part*—the usual way in France of announcing a death—to his address in Italy. The insensibility he showed seemed to her inexplicable, and even in the midst of her great grief, she perplexed herself with imagining what could be the reason. While suffering from the loss of that supreme affection of which death had deprived her, she could not but think of that other love that she had voluntarily rejected; she thought of both without being sure for which loss her tears flowed, or which most contributed to the void that seemed to surround her. Is it not worse than death to be forgotten? Is not forgetfulness the true, the only separation?

The winter as it passed was a dark and dreary one. She thought of the close, happy intimacy of those evenings in the previous winter, those hours of talk, of reading aloud in the doctor's study, where she now sat all day alone. How often, when the wind howled in the night, and rain beat against the windows, came back the recollection of those past hours of happiness in which she had felt that she had nothing more to wish for! She set the chairs mechanically as they had been used to stand around the hearth, when the dancing flames of the wood fire added brightness to the light of the lamp upon the doctor's writing table, that table at

which he had worked so long! She would have nothing out of order. His loose leaves of manuscript were gathered together under a paper-weight, his scientific pamphlets were carefully arranged on shelves against the wall; but no one consulted them, and the pipe the doctor was always smoking, as if it were some sort of accompaniment to his work or to his conversation, lay cold and neglected. No matter, all looked as it had done then. Constance might revive the past and lose all note of time, might even forget how the present was denuded of happiness.

She dwelt long upon the smallest details of the past, on all that they had done or said, on such and such words of Raoul's, which she had interpreted, commented on, and laid deep in her heart like a hidden treasure. She remembered how the hours that had passed between each of those evenings had been to her times of expectation for the happy moment to arrive. But to wait for him, to look forward to the future, was henceforth forbidden! Must she always live, as it were, in a tomb, alone with the ghosts of a happy past?

Sometimes a passing thought came to her that she would have recourse to the Abbé Eudes, in the hope that he would direct her toward a conventional life. She thought with complacency of the profound peace enjoyed by those who have found their vocation in a religious house. But sometimes she felt a feverish desire for action, for change. In fancy she undertook many journeys, which all, she knew not how, in some fantastic way ended in Italy.

One evening her thoughts were vaguely straying in this fashion as she lay back in the great arm-chair of her father, with her feet on the fender, while without, the wind, sometimes fierce and sometimes plaintive,

seemed like an echo to her thoughts. The dogs barked furiously. Some one knocked at the front door. Then Constance thought she heard above the noise of the storm some one talking with Catinou. Who could it be so late? She started up alarmed; she listened eagerly; she rested her two hands on the arms of her chair. Then Catinou, with a face between joy and fright, came in softly, as if she had something to say that she must not tell too suddenly.

"Don't be afraid," she said, "don't excite yourself. He has come!"

Strange! but Constance seemed to experience every emotion save surprise! The only thing that amazed her was that he should have put off coming so long.

Raoul was close behind Catinou. He drew near Constance almost timidly. She stretched out her little white hand, and both stood some seconds without speaking. Their feelings were not like those which, once before, on that very spot, had made them spring into each other's arms. So many things had happened since, that those moments of intoxicating happiness seemed far away. They looked at each other as if astonished, after such an interval, at not finding that they were different from what they had been. Yet she was thinner, and dressed in deepest mourning; he looked fatigued by rapid travelling, for he had stepped out of his carriage without even having been driven to the Park. Two sentences were all that they could utter.

"My poor child!" he murmured.

And she, after a long sigh of relief, could only say:

"Is it you—come at last!"

Were these words ones of thankfulness, or of reproach? Whichever they were, he hastened to defend himself. He had come as fast as possible. Only two days before, on his return from

Sicily,—a journey undertaken to appease his agitation, to subdue his impatience, he had received the terrible news. He had left orders in Florence to have his letters sent to him; they were all letters without interest, since none of them were from Constance, none of them retracted the cruel farewell which appeared more and more definitive. By an inexplicable fatality the *billet de faire part* was not among them. It had remained in his rooms at Florence hidden under a parcel of newspapers and circulars. The dear handwriting, so long looked for, was before his eyes, surrounded by the sign of bereavement and sorrow. How angry he was with himself, how he blamed himself for not having known by instinct that Constance was in grief, and that perchance she needed him.

He pronounced these words as if he feared to utter them; his voice was choked by tears, such tears as he had not shed since his boyhood, tears such as he never remembered to have shed. And she, who had never seen a man weep, remembering how dear he had been to her father, and her father to him, rested her face upon his shoulder with sisterly confidence, and wept as she had not wept before, freely and comfortingly. In the emotion that mastered them both there was no place for any other feeling than that of the grief they shared in common.

Raoul put his arm round her, drawing closer to himself that fragile little figure in black, with the sole wish to protect her, to comfort her, to keep her in safety, free from all harm. For more than an hour they only spoke of him who was gone, recalling all his virtues, all the good he had done, especially the deeds of noble self-devotion and humanity that immediately preceded his death.

"You knew him so well," said Constance.

"And he knew me too," replied Raoul. "He would gladly have called me his son. I believe that at this very moment, if he could tell us what he wishes, it would be to grant me the right to watch over you. Will you not obey his wishes, Stannie?"

She drew away from him, recalled to the position in which they stood to each other by this question, which was in truth a prayer.

"My father, where he now is, understands what he could not when he was living. He sees,—he knows. To have seen you again is my greatest consolation, but this consolation ought not to be renewed."

"Dearest, what are you saying? I shall stay at the Park; you shall never see me if you insist on it, but I shall be there, watching for any call from you, ready to serve you as a friend or as a brother. You cannot forbid me to live for you—at a distance, Stannie—if I never importune you—"

She regarded him with intrepid eyes, before which his own were lowered, to conceal the hidden hope that lurked behind his promises. Those promises were indeed sincere for the moment, but to keep them would be impossible.

"If I said 'yes' to-day, what would you ask to-morrow? Why do you wish to deceive me,—why do you deceive yourself? You know, and I know too, what we must be to each other,—all or nothing. There can be nothing between."

"Whatever you do, you will be all in all to me, even to the end!" said Raoul, impulsively.

He knelt before her like a devotee before an idol.

"Constance, why will you make me so unhappy? God does not ask us for such sacrifices, no, not even God as you imagine Him, jealous and implacable. He sees that we cannot live without each other. Admitting that

he punishes me for having been too early and too unwisely entangled by an unhappy marriage, He cannot wish that you should suffer, you, against whom there can be no reproach. Believe me, He will pardon me for your sake. He will let my arm protect you against all ill fortune; He cannot will that you should force me to deny Him and to curse Him. If you consent, Stannie, I will bow down before Him on my knees; I will be a Christian, even as you are; I will walk in the paths in which you walk; I will go where your love shall lead me. You will have saved me in this life,—you will save me in the next!"

He spoke the language of an earnest Christian, even as a mother who is anxious to persuade her little child makes use, with tender patience, of familiar baby-talk, that he may better understand her.

"Saved!" she repeated in a vibrant tone, which had almost a thrill of madness in it, while he clasped her knees. "Do you think that I should save you? Say, rather, we should both be lost,—lost together!"

"And if it were so," he cried, in despair of being able to combat her chimeras,—*"if it were so,—if you could have loved me as I love you, you would fear neither that nor any other thing; you would dread nothing but the separation of which you speak so calmly, looking at it from the cold heights of your false virtue."*

He seized her in his arms, almost with fury. All the reserve, all the constraint of the first moments of their interview gave place to a reawakening of his passion, by which she felt herself borne off as if by a whirlwind.

"True virtue," continued Raoul, "would teach you to sacrifice these absurd principles, would teach you to comprehend all that you are to me, hope, youth, faith, love,—all that a man

can live for. Without you I am nothing. By one word you can raise me to a heaven more real than the one that you set up against my prayers in a way so harsh and narrowminded, or you can with one word cast me into hell itself, where there is forever hatred and despair. Decide! It is a man's whole future I thus put into your hands. You are the God in whom I trust. You can do everything. Have pity on me and on thyself."

She listened to him, trembling, frightened by his blasphemy, overcome by a sense of the fearful responsibility he was putting upon her. Suddenly she said with great excitement:

"Well, then, since I am now alone in the world and can bring disgrace on no one,—why should I hold out longer? I well know that if I were to say the words which would keep you in this neighborhood, I should yield to the temptation of seeing you; I should end by being reconciled to what I now think criminal; I should soon have no wish but yours. I had better yield at once,—consent to be a woman who has forfeited her good name,—a lost creature! Lost! yes,—you understand what I am saying! You must! I will not add hypocrisy to sin. I dare not try to legalize by a civil law what God has pronounced to be criminal. No! but I will follow you whithersoever you will, because I love you more than I love my honor, more than I love my religion,—because I cannot bear to feel you are unhappy. Take me—take me to-day if you will—take me far away—I yield."

"Ah!" cried Raoul, "to yield thus is to put me more hopelessly away from you than you have done yet."

This pale girl, wild eyed, with hands cold as marble, who with shame on her forehead and madness in her eyes, was consenting to be his mistress rather than his wife, protected herself

by this insane offer of surrender more effectually than any human protection—even had any been left her—could have done.

He drew back, and rallied all his energies to act in this emergency as an honest man.

"I would rather die," he said, in a hoarse and broken voice, "I would rather die a hundred deaths than accept your dishonor. I love you too much for that. Adieu."

He would, he felt, have been taking advantage of a moment of madness had he accepted this surrender, wrung from a conscience under torture, of a will that was committing suicide for his sake, as it were.

"Then you force me to say farewell? You oblige me thus to leave you? Adieu, then—and for ever!"

"Adieu!" she murmured faintly.

He seized her in his arms. She had no strength to resist his embrace. He kissed her frantically on her hair, her lips, and her closed eyelids, and by these kisses he adjured her, though he did not speak, to keep herself for him only, even to the end.

She said faintly, as if in response to his thought:

"Absence will not part us! You will be with me always and forever. From this moment I believe,—I know,—how truly you love me. Adieu!"

He obeyed a sign she made him, and left her precipitately, while she fell back in her chair, covering her face with her hands. Some hours later Catinou found her in the same attitude, motionless, dry-eyed, and seeming like one turned to stone, capable only of one thought: "He is gone forever! I sent him away."

A week passed. Raoul waited in the neighborhood, trusting that she might show some signs of weakening, some regret which, in spite of his late gleam of magnanimity, he might turn to his own advantage; for in each of

us there is more than one individual, capable of different behavior, according to time and circumstances. Basely he wandered round the Priory; he even tried to enter it, but this time the incorruptible Catinou, a very Cerberus, prevented him. He gave it up at last. He was ashamed of his selfish pertinacity. With a great effort he kept his word.

In the neighborhood people talked a great deal about his unexpected return to the Park, and his sudden departure; they whispered that he had come back to marry Mlle. Vidal, and that she had refused him. Some people said she was mad, but the curé and the pastor, each in his own way, thought that such madness resembled that of the early followers of the Cross. Others preferred to imagine that no serious offer of marriage had ever been made her, while others, nearer the truth, said that she had found out in time that M. de Glynné was a bigamist, and thus the popular distrust of all Parisians was increased.

But the thing that appeared incredible to every one was that a girl barely twenty should bury herself alive by choice in the Priory.

Constance, nevertheless, continued to reside there, to the great vexation of her godmother. Habits of active beneficence closely absorbed her more and more. She seemed satisfied with her lot, which is rarely the case with those who foresee that before long they will be known by the unwelcome appellation of "old maids."

Her beauty became more spiritual and delicate than ever, but it ceased to be the pride of the province, although it was probably greater than ever, because it added beauty of expression to the beauty of youth.

One fact only has made a deep impression on her since the day when M.

de Glynne, moved both by terror and respect, bade her farewell, and she, with tragic good faith, resigned herself to their parting.

Opening a newspaper one day she read the announcement of the marriage of Mme. Frédérique Von Leberberg, the divorced wife of M. Raoul de Glynne, to a foreigner of some sort, and she thought sadly that there is nothing to prevent bad people from turning everything to their own advantage.

Thenceforward the placard on the gate of the Park has the following notice in big letters:

This Property for Sale.

Enquire of M. le Pasteur Duranton,
Rue de Sully, Nérac.

But whether there is a secret understanding between the proprietor and the pastor, who still puts his trust in some intervention of Providence, or for some other reason, no purchaser has yet presented himself, and Constance Vidal daily walks in the deserted paths and avenues where moss grows green, and dead leaves lie in heaps year after year, emblems, she thinks, of that one dear remembrance which represents her share of happiness in this world.

(The end.)

EPILOGUE.

These, to you now, O, more than ever now,
Now that the Antient Enemy
Has passed, and we, we two that are one, have seen
A piece of perfect Life
Turn to so ravishing a shape of Death
The Arch-Discomforter might well have smiled
In pity and pride,
Even as he bore his lovely and innocent spoil
From those home-kingdoms he left desolate!

Poor windlestraws
On the great, sullen, roaring pool of Time
And Chance and Change, I know!
But they are yours, as I am, till we attain
That end for which we make, we two that are one,
A little, exquisite Ghost
Between us, smiling with the serenest eyes
Seen in this world, and calling, calling still
In that clear voice whose infinite subtleties
Of sweetness, thrilling back across the grave,
Break the poor heart to hear:

"Come, Dadsie, come!
Mamma, how long—how long?"

W. E. Henley.

THACKERAY.*

(Concluded.)

As we have said that "Vanity Fair" touches the climax of Thackeray's peculiar genius, so, in our judgment, "Esmond" shows the gathered strength and maturity of his literary power, and has won for him an eminent place in the distinguished order of historical novelists. We may say that the art of historical romance was brought to perfection in our own century, although French writers trace far back into the eighteenth century, and even further, the method of weaving authentic events and famous personages into the tissue of a story which turns upon fictitious adventures in love and war. The elder novelists dealt largely in extravagant sentiment, in conventional language, and in marvellous exploits embroidered upon the sober chronicles which served as the framework of their drama; they were content to set upon stilts the traditional hero or heroine of former days, whose ideas and conversation expressed, with little disguise, the manners, not of the period to which they belonged, but of the author's own time, and of the society for whom he was writing. These books are, therefore, full of glaring anachronisms and improbabilities; the knights and dames are sometimes (as in the "Grand Cyrus") thinly veiled portraits of contemporary notabilities, but they are often mere lay figures, representing the prevailing fashions of thought and feeling. The virtuous hero abounds in judicious reflections; the heroines are chaste and beauteous damsels—Joan of Arc, herself, appears in one romance as an adorable shepherdess—and love-making is conducted after the model of a Parisian *précieuse*.

It is the opinion of a recent French

critic, who has made careful study of his subject, that the new school was founded by Chateaubriand, who first, at the last century's end, laid an axe to the root of all this rhetorical artifice, these frigid and grotesque incongruities, and filled his romances with local color, stamping them with the impress of reality and conformity to nature, by picturesque reproduction of the landscape, costumes, usages, and conditions of existence of the time and country in which he might be unwinding his tale. But Chateaubriand, like Byron (who was of a similar temperament), never could put himself, to use a French phrase, into another man's skin; he is to be detected soliloquizing and dispensing noble sentiments under the costume of a Christian martyr or an American savage, and thus the fidelity of his scene-painting was still marred by the artificiality of the discourse. It was the Waverley novel that lifted the historical romance far beyond Chateaubriand's level, that established it, in England and France, on the true principle of creating vivid representations of a bygone age by a skilful mixture of fact and fiction, and by a correct and harmonious combination of characters, manners, and environment.

But during the twenty years that intervene between the dates, taken roughly, of Scott's worst novel and Thackeray's best, the flood-tide of romanticism had arisen to its highest point, and had then ebbed very low, on both sides of the British Channel. And we can see that the younger writer was no votary of the older school of high-flying chivalrous romance, with its tournaments, its crusaders, its valiant warriors, and distressed maidens. His

youthful aversion for shams and conventionalities, his strong propensity towards burlesque and persiflage, his early life among cities and commonplace folk, seem to have obscured, in some degree, his appreciation of even such splendid compositions as "Ivanhoe" or the "Talisman;" or, at any rate, his sense of the ridiculous overpowered his admiration. The result was, that, as Scott had exalted his mediæval heroes and heroines far above the level of real life, had revived the legendary age of chivalry and adventure with all the magnificence of his poetic imagination, Thackeray had at first set himself, conversely, to strip the trapping off these fine folk, and to poke his fun at the feudal lords and ladies by treating them as ordinary middle-classed men and women masquerading in old armor or drapery. He came in as a writer on the ebb-tide of romanticism, and the reaction showed its popular form in a curious outburst of the taste for burlesques and parodies on the stage, and in the light reading of the time. Whether the creation of this taste is to be ascribed to the appearance of two writers with such genius for wit and fun as Thackeray and Dickens, or whether they only supplied a natural demand, may be questionable; they undoubtedly headed the army of Comus, and thereby raised the whole standard of facetious literature. But the defect of this school was its propensity to take an hilarious or sardonic view, not only of mediæval romance, but of quaint old times generally; and one leading embodiment of this mocking spirit was "Punch," founded in 1841. A'Beckett's "Comic History of England," which ran through many numbers, seems to this generation a dreary and deleterious specimen of misplaced farce; though, historically, it is not such bad work as Dickens's "Child's History of England," which he meant to be serious.

Among Thackeray's very numerous contributions to "Punch" are "Miss Tickletohy's Lectures on English History," which might well have been consigned to oblivion, "Rebecca and Rowena," and "The Prize Novelists." The sarcastic and the sentimental temper must always be hostile to each other; between romance and ridicule the antipathy is fundamental; and although one regrets that he ever wrote "Rebecca and Rowena," the melodramatic novels of Lytton-Bulwer were fair enough game for the parodist. However, it is certain that in his earlier writings Thackeray did much to laugh away the novel of mediæval chivalry; and while we think he often carried his irreverent jocosity much too far, since, after all, chivalry is better than cockneyism, we may award him the very high honor of becoming, latterly, one of the founders of a new and admirable historical school in England.

The eighteenth century was always Thackeray's favorite period; he liked the rational, unpretentious tone of its best literature; its practical politics and tolerance, its common sense, and its habit of keeping very close, in art as in action, to the realities of the world as we find it. Swift is the most unromantic of any writer that possessed great imaginative faculty; Defoe was a master of minute life-like detail, an inimitable imitator of truth; Hogarth's paintings are like Wesley's or Whitefield's sermons, they are stern, unvarnished denunciations of vice and profligacy; Fielding was the easy, large-hearted moralist, who hated, above all sins, cant and knavery, loved to banter the parsons, to bring fops and boobies upon his stage, and to place in contrast the wide difference that then separated manners in town and in country. Perhaps Thackeray owes more to Fielding than to any other single literary ancestor; but all these influences were most

congenial to his temperament, and informed his best work. His instinctive dislike of unreality, exaggeration, and fanciful ideals would have always prevented him from laying the situation of his story in some distant age, of which hardly anything is known accurately, and supplementing his ignorance by giving free scope to fantastic invention, as was the usage of the humble followers who tried in vain to conjure with the wand of Scott. He required a period which he could study, master, and sympathize with, and he found it in the eighteenth century; though in "Esmond" the plot, being founded on Jacobite intrigues and conspiracies, opens with the Revolution of 1688. He had taken great trouble, as usual, with the localities, knowing well that you never understand a battle clearly until you have seen its field.

"I was pleased to find Blenheim," he wrote to his mother, "was just exactly the place I had figured to myself, except that the village is larger; but I fancied I had actually been there, so like the aspect of it was to what I looked for. I saw the brook which Harry Esmond crossed, and almost the spot where he fell wounded."

Mrs. Ritchie quotes this letter as illustrating "a sort of second sight as to places which my father used to speak of;" and it certainly attests his possession of the strong imaginative faculty which puts together vivid mental pictures.

The first page strikes the note of disenchantment, of escape from the spell of conventionalism and the shores of romance. Colonel Esmond, who tells his own tale, wishes the Muse of History to disrobe, to discard her buskins, and to deliver herself like a woman of the everyday world.

I wonder shall History ever pull off her periwig and cease to be court-ridden? Shall we see something of France

and England besides Versailles and Windsor? I saw Queen Anne tearing down the Park slopes after her stag-hounds, in her one-horse chaise,—a hot, red-faced woman. . . . She was neither better bred nor wiser than you and me, though we knelt to hand her a letter or a washhand basin. Why shall History go on kneeling to the end of time? I am for having her rise off her knees, and take her natural posture, not to be for ever performing cringes and congees like a Court chamberlain, and shuffling backward out of doors in the presence of the sovereign. In a word, I would have History familiar rather than heroic.

No very deep philosophy in this, we might say, for surely historians up to Esmond's day had not all been pompous and servile, while something like dignity is desirable. But here we have Thackeray speaking, through Esmond, his own thoughts about history, and proclaiming the rise of naturalism against the romantic high-heeled school. And in a much later chapter, where Esmond visits Addison, we have the true realistic method of Tolstoi and other quite modern novelists, as compared with the old classic style of describing war. Addison has been writing a poem on the Blenheim campaign:—

"I admire your art," says Esmond to Addison; "the murder of the campaign is done to military music, like a battle at the opera, and the virgins shriek in harmony, as our victorious grenadiers march into their villages. Do you know what a scene it was? what a triumph you are celebrating, what scenes of shame and horror were enacted, over which the commander's genius presided as calm as though he didn't belong to our sphere? You talk of 'the listening soldier fixed in sorrow,' the 'leader's grief swayed by generous pity;' to my belief the leader cared no more for his listening flocks than he did for his infernal butchers, and many of our ruffians butchered as bravely or the other with equal alacrity. You saw out of your polished verses a stately image of smiling victory; I tell you 'tis an uncouth, dis-

torted, savage idol, hideous, bloody and barbarous. The rites performed before it are shocking to think of. You great poets should show it as it is, ugly and horrible, not beautiful and serene."

When Colonel Esmond has to describe the battles in which he himself took part, he avoids, as might be supposed, the high romantic style. But he does not, therefore, fall, on the other side, into the mire of the writers who at the present day conscientiously give us the horrors of the hospital and all the brutalities of war, which Esmond knows, but does not choose to set down in his memoir. In his account of the Blenheim victory there is a skilful touch of the professional soldier, who records briefly the position of the armies and the tactical movements; and it lights up with suppressed enthusiasm when he records the intrepidity of the English regiments in that fierce and famous struggle. We read of Major-General Wilkes—

on foot, at the head of the attacking column, marching with his hat off intrepidly in the face of the enemy, who was pouring in a tremendous fire from his guns and musketry, to which our people were instructed not to reply, except with pike and bayonet when they reached the French palisades. To these Wilkes walked intrepidly, and struck the woodwork with his sword before our people charged it. He was shot down on the instant, with his colonel, major, and several officers,

and the assault was repelled with great slaughter.

In this and other similar passages, you have the historic novelist at his best; the true facts are selected and arranged so as to form pictures of soul-stirring action; while their connection with his story is maintained by giving Esmond himself a very modest and natural share in the glorious victory—

And now the conquerors were met by a furious charge of the English

horse under Esmond's general, Lumley, behind whose squadrons the flying foot took refuge and formed again, while Lumley drove back the French horse, charging up to the village of Blenheim and the palisades where Wilkes, and many hundred more gallant Englishmen, lay in slaughtered heaps. Beyond this moment, and of this famous victory, Mr. Esmond knows nothing, for a shot brought down his horse and our young gentleman on it, who fell, crushed and stunned, under the animal.

A lesser artist would have made his hero perform some brilliant exploit; but Thackeray prefers to sketch the scene as Wouvermans might have done it. We have not here the incomparable fire and spirit which Scott throws into the skirmishes at Bothwell Brig and Drumclog; we see the difference of mind and method; but we can have nothing except admiration for the rare imaginative faculty which enabled a quiet man of letters to deal so finely and faithfully, with such reserve and discrimination, with a subject that might easily have been spoiled by the noisy clatter and coarse coloring of the inferior artist. His full-length portrait of Marlborough has been too often quoted to be reproduced here,—“impassible before victory, before danger, before defeat; the splendid calm of his face as he rode along the lines to battle, or galloped up in the nick of time to a battalion reeling before the enemy's charge or shot.” Of Swift, Esmond says,—“I have always thought of him and of Marlborough as the two greatest of that age . . . a lonely fallen Prometheus, groaning as the vultures tear him;” and with a few such strokes, he gives etchings of other celebrities in letters and politics. One may observe with astonishment that the youthful writer who delighted in suburban chronicles, in mean lives and paltry incidents, has risen, by middle age, to the rank of an illustrious painter on the broad canvas of history. The

annals of literature contain few, if any, other examples of so remarkable a transformation.

It is evident that Thackeray, like Scott, was an industrious collector of material for his novels from all sources; we may refer, for an instance, to a scene which will have left a passing impression upon many readers, where, as the French and English armies are facing each other on two sides of a little stream in the Low Countries, Prince Charles Edward rides down to the French bank and exchanges a salute with Esmond. It falls quite naturally and easily into the narrative, and reads like a very happy original conception; yet the incident, which is quite authentic, may be found in the papers obtained in the last century from the Scottish convent at Paris by Macpherson.

In the "*Virginians*," which might have had for its second title "*Forty Years Later*," the chronicle of the Esmond family is continued; with North America during the French war for the battlefields, Braddock, Wolfe, and Washington for the military figures, and Esmond's grandsons as the personages round whom the story's interest centers. It is a novel of very great merit, skilfully constructed, full of vivacious writing and delineation of character; and the novelist avails himself, with his usual adroitness, of the celebrated incidents of this period and the salient features of English society in the middle of the last century. Yet we must reluctantly admit that Thackeray has passed his climacteric, and that, as a work of the historical school, this book cannot claim parity with *Esmond*. George Warrington was on Braddock's staff at the fatal rout and massacre on the Ohio; his brother Harry was with Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham; they witnessed a battle lost and a battle won, and each saw his commander fall. But George's

recital of his hairbreadth escape lacks the stern simplicity with which his grandfather told the story of Marlborough's wars; and the device of his being saved from the Indians by a French officer, who was his intimate friend, is so ingenious as to be a trifle commonplace. The author does not sketch in any details or personal adventures from the great fight under the walls of Quebec; he has fallen back, at this part of the story, into personal narrative, and the "*Warrington Memoirs*" only describe how the news of Wolfe's victory and death was acclaimed in London. In the War of Independence, George Warrington, who takes the British side, records the feelings and situation of an American loyalist,—a class to whom only Mr. Lecky, among historians, has done fair justice. There is much acute and well-informed reflection upon the state of the colonies at this time, the strong currents of party politics, and the exasperation which brought about the rebellion; but, on the whole, this part of the narrative has too much resemblance to real history. It has not enough of the imaginative and picturesque element to lift it above the comparatively prosaic level of an interesting memoir, though some good scenes and situations are obtained by making the two Warrington brothers take opposite sides. When we learn that, in 1759, the English Lord Castlewood repaired his shattered fortunes by marrying an American heiress, we are inclined to suspect that our author has taken a hint from the fashion of a century later.

In the story of "*Esmond*" Thackeray dropped the satirical tone, and indulged, very rarely, indeed, in the habit of pausing to moralize, as writer to reader, upon social hypocrisy, servile obsequiousness, and whitened sepulchres generally. In the "*Virginians*" he is less attentive to

dramatic propriety; he begins again to turn aside and lecture us, in the midst of his tale, upon the text of *De te fabula narratur*. Sir Miles and Lady Warrington are scandalized by their nephew's extravagance, and refuse all help to the spendthrift.

How much of this behavior goes on daily in respectable society, think you? You can fancy Lord and Lady Macbeth concocting a murder, and coming together with some little awkwardness, perhaps, when the transaction was done and over; but my Lord and Lady Skinflint, when they consult in their bedroom about giving their luckless nephew a helping hand, and determine to refuse, and go down to family prayers and meet their children and domestics, and discourse virtuously before them . . .

And so on, for a page or two, in a tone that some may think almost as sophisticated as the reasoning by which the Skinflints might excuse to themselves their pharisaical behavior. Such interpolations are artistically incorrect, and out of harmony with the proper conception of a well-wrought work of fiction, in which the moral should be conveyed through the action and the dialogue, and the meditations should be left to be done by the reader himself.

We must, therefore, place the "Virginians" below "Esmond" in the order of merit. Nevertheless, these two novels, with "Barry Lyndon," are most important and valuable contributions to the English historical series. Nothing like them had been written before, and nothing equal has been written after them, with the exception of "Romola" and "John Inglesant." They possess one essential quality that ought to distinguish all fiction founded on the history of bygone times,—they are, so far as posterity can judge at all, faithful and effective representations of manners. Now, the inferior practitioner in this particular school, being prevented, by indolence or incapacity,

from mastering his period and acquiring insight into its ways of thought and living, is too often content to cover up his deficiencies by indenting freely on the theatrical wardrobe and armory. He deals largely in the costumes of the day; he supplies himself plentifully with old-fashioned phrases; he is fond of old furniture; he is strongest, in fact, upon the external and decorative aspect of the society to which he introduces us. Most of the romances written in imitation of Scott had this tendency; and this same feebleness underlies the superfluous minuteness of detail that may be observed in the decadent realists of the present day. Nothing of this sort can be alleged against Thackeray, who works from inward outwardly in his creations of character, and whose personages are truly historical in the sense that they move and speak naturally, according to the ideas and circumstances of their age, the dialect and dress being merely added as appropriate coloring. It is, indeed, a peculiarity of Thackeray's novels, which distinguishes him alike from the romancer and the modern naturalist, that they contain hardly any description, that he is never professedly picturesque, that he relies entirely on passing strokes and effective details given by the way. In Scott we have superb descriptive pieces of scenery, of storms, of the interiors of a castle or a Gothic cathedral; and some of the best living novelists are much given to elaborate landscape painting. But we doubt whether half a page of deliberately picturesque description can be found in any of Thackeray's first-class works. He will sometimes sketch off the inside of a house or the look of a town, but with natural scenery he does not concern himself; he is, for the most part, entirely occupied with the analysis of character, or with the emotional side of life; and he seems constantly to bear in mind the Aristotelian maxim

that life consists in action. His principal instrument for the exhibition of motive, for the evolution of his story, for bringing out qualities, is dialogue, which he manages with great dexterity and effect, giving it point and raciness, and avoiding the snare—into which recent social novelists have been falling—of insignificance and prolixity. The method of easy, sparkling, natural dialogue for developing the plot and distinguishing the personages is said to have been first transferred from the theatre to the novel by Walter Scott. At any rate, the use of it on a large scale, which has since been carried to the verge of abuse, began with the *Waverley* novels; where we find abundance of that humorous vernacular talk in which Shakespeare excelled, though for the romance *Cervantes* may be registered as its inventor. In Thackeray's hands dramatic conversation, as of actors on the stage, becomes of very prominent importance, not only for the illustration of manners in society, but also for dressing up the subordinate figures of his company. He is now no longer the caricaturist of earlier days; he employs the popular dialect and comic touches with effective moderation. And he avails himself very freely, in the "*Virginians*," of the privilege which belongs to the historical novelist, who is allowed to make the reader acquainted with the notabilities of the period, not only for the movement of his drama, but also for a passing glance or casual introduction, as might happen in any place of public resort or in a crowded salon. Franklin, Johnson, and Richardson, George Selwyn and Lord Chesterfield, cross the stage and disappear, after a few remarks of their own or the author's. For military officers, who figure in all his novels, he has ever a kindly word; and also for sailors, although it is only in his last (unfinished) novel that he takes up the navy. For Eng-

lish clergymen, especially for bishops, he has no indulgence at all; and he seems to be possessed by the commonplace error of believing that the prevailing types of the Anglican Church in the eighteenth century were the courtier-bishop and the humble obsequious chaplain. The typical Irishman of fiction, with his mixture of recklessness and cunning, warm-hearted and unveracious, is to be found, we think, in every one of Thackeray's larger novels, except in the "*Virginians*;" the Scotsman is rare, having been considerably used up by Walter Scott and his assiduous imitators. We may notice (parenthetically) that our own day is witnessing a marvellous revival of Highlanders and Lowlanders in fiction, from Jacobite adventures to the pawky wit and humble incidents of the kailyard.

In the "*Newcomes*" we return regretfully to the novel of contemporary society; wherewith disappears all the light haze of enchantment that hangs over the revival of distant times, even though they lie no further behind us than the eighteenth century. Such a change of scene necessitates and completes the transition from the romantic to the realistic; for how can a picture of our own environment, which any one can verify, avoid being more or less photographic? In one sense it is a continuation of the historic novel, which has only to put off its archaic literary costume to appear as a presentation of social history brought up to date; the method of minute description, the portrayal of manners, are the same, with the drawback that the celebrities of the day must be kept off the stage. Any eighteenth-century personage might figure, with effect, in the "*Virginians*," while Macaulay and Palmerston could hardly have been sketched off, however briefly and good-naturedly, in the "*Newcomes*." In all essential respects the tone and treatment are unaltered

in the two stories; although the ironical spirit, restrained in the historical novels by a sense of dramatic consistency, is again among us having great wrath, as Thackeray surveys the aspect of the London world around him. The character of Colonel Newcome, his distinguished gallantry, his spotless honor, his simplicity and credulity, is drawn with truth and tenderness; and some of the lesser folk are admirable for their kindness and usefulness. But what a society is this in which the Colonel is landed upon his return from India! He calls, with his son, at his brother's house in Bryanston Square:—

"It's my father," said Clive to the 'menial' who opened the door; "my aunt will see Colonel Newcome."

"Missis not at home," said the man. "Missis is gone in the carriage. Not at this door. Take them things down the area steps, young man," bawls out the domestic to a pastry-cook's boy . . . and John struggles back, closing the door on the astonished Colonel.

An astonishment that most Londoners of his time would have assuredly shared; unless, indeed, the West-end door-step has gained wonderfully by the scrubbing of sixty years. On the relations between masters and servants Thackeray was never more severe than in this book; he is irritated by the marching in of the household brigade to family prayers; and he declares that we "know no more of that race which inhabits the basement floor, than of men and brethren of Timbuctoo, to whom some among us send missionaries,"—a monstrous imputation. He constantly resumes the moralizing attitude; and his pungent persiflage is poured out, as if from an apocalyptic vial, upon worldliness and fashionable insolence. Sir Barnes Newcome's divorce from the unhappy Lady Clara furnishes a text for sad and solemn anathema upon the mercenary marriages in Hanover Square, where "St.

George of England may behold virgin after virgin offered up to the devouring monster, Mammon, may see virgin after virgin driven away, just as in the Soldan of Babylon's time, but with never a champion to come to the rescue." We would by no means withhold from the modern satirist of manners the privilege of using forcibly figurative language, or of putting a lash to his whip. Yet, if his novels are, as we have suggested, to be regarded as historical, in the sense of recording impressions, drawn from life for the benefit of posterity, such passages as those just quoted from Thackeray raise the general question whether documentary evidence of this kind as to the state of society at a given period is as valuable and trustworthy as it has usually been reckoned to be. He has himself declared that "upon the morals and national manners, works of satire afford a world of light that one would in vain look for in regular books of history,"—that "*Pickwick*," "*Roderick Random*," and "*Tom Jones*" "give us a better idea of the state and ways of the people than one could gather from any pompous or authentic histories." Whether Fielding and Smollett's contemporaries would have endorsed this opinion is the real question; for on such a point the judgment of Thackeray, who lived a century after them, cannot be conclusive. It is probable that, to an Englishman of that day, the novels of these two authors appeared to be extraordinary caricatures of actual society, in town or country.

On the other hand, the story is excellently conducted, and each actor performs, with consummate skill, his part or hers; for in none of his works has Thackeray given higher proof of that dramatic power which brings out situations, leads on to the *dénouement*, and points the moral of the story, by a skilful manipulation of various incidents and a remarkable numerous variety of

characters. There is one chapter (ix. of vol. II.), headed "Two or Three Acts of a Little Comedy," where he carries on the plot entirely by a light and sparkling dialogue which may be compared to some of A. de Musset's wittiest "Proverbes." It is a book that could only have been composed by a first-class artist in the maturity of his powers, and for that very reason we must regret that it is steeped in bitterness; while Thackeray's rooted hostility to mothers-in-law misguides him into the æsthetic error of admitting a virago to scold frantically almost over the colonel's death-bed. The unvarying meanness and selfishness of Mrs. Mackenzie, and of Sir Barnes Newcome, fatigue the reader; for, whereas in the delineation of his amiable and high-principled characters, Thackeray is careful to shade off their bright qualities by a mixture of natural weakness, these ill-favored portraits stand out in the full glare of unredeemed insolence and low cunning.

In his last novel, broken off half-way by his death, Thackeray went back once more to that eighteenth century which, as he says in one of his letters, "occupied him to the exclusion almost of the nineteenth," and to the method of weaving fiction out of historical materials. We have already remarked upon his practice of opening with a kind of family history, which explains the antecedent connections, relationship, and pedigree of the persons who are coming upon the stage, and marks out the background of his story. In "Denis Duval" he carries this preamble through two chapters, and arranges all the pieces on his board so carefully that an inattentive reader might lose his way among the preliminary details. One sees with what pleasure he has studied his favorite period in France and England, and how he enjoyed constructing, like Defoe, a fictitious autobiography that reads like a picturesque

and genuine memoir of the times. Having thus laid out his plan, and prepared his *mise en scène*, he begins his third chapter with an animated entry of his actors, who thenceforward play their parts in a succession of incidents and adventures that are all adjusted and fitted in to the framework of time and place that he has taken so much pains to design for them. In this manner he touches upon the great events of contemporary history, like the French war, or illustrates the state of England by bringing in highwaymen and the press-gang; while a minute description of localities lends an air of simplicity to the tale of an old man who has (as he says) an extraordinarily clear remembrance of his boyhood.

The "Notes" which appeared in the "Cornhill Magazine," June, 1864, as an epilogue to the last lines written by Thackeray, when the story stopped abruptly, throw curious light on the methods of gathering his material and preparing his work. Just as he visited the Blenheim battlefield, when he was engaged upon Esmond, so he went down to Romney Marsh, where Denis Duval was born and bred, surveyed Rye and Winchelsea as if he were drawing plans of those towns, and collected local traditions of the coast and the country, of the smugglers, the Huguenot settlements, and the old war time of 1778-82. The "Annual Register" and the "Gentleman's Magazine" furnished him with suggestive incidents and circumstantial reports which he expanded with admirable fertility of imagination; so that by combining what he saw with what he read, he could lift the curtain and light up again an obscure corner of the Kentish coast, and the doings of the queer folk who lived on it a century before he went there. That he never finished this novel is much to be lamented, for Denis had just become a midshipman on board the "Serapis," and we learn

from these "Notes" that he was to take part in the great fight which ended in the capture of that ship by Paul Jones, after the most bloody and desperate duel in the long and glorious record of the British Navy. Captain Pearson, who commanded the "Serapis," reported his defeat to the Admiralty in a letter of which "Mr. Thackeray seems to have thought much," and, indeed, it is precisely the sort of document—quiet, formal, with a masculine contempt for adjectives (there is not one in the whole letter)—which denotes a character after Thackeray's own heart.

We dropt alongside of each other, head and stern, when, the fluke of our spare anchor hooking his quarter, we became so close, fore and aft, that the muzzles of our guns touched each other's sides.

Here we have the style which Thackeray loved; and 'tis pity that we have so narrowly missed the picture of a fierce naval battle by an artist who could describe strenuous action in steady phrase, and who knew that the hard-fighting commander is usually a cool, resolute, resourceful man, for whom it is a matter of plain duty to fight his ship till he is fairly beaten, and to report the result briefly, whatever it may be, to his superiors. One can observe the mellowing influence upon Thackeray of the atmosphere of past times and the afterglow of heroic deeds; for in "Denis Duval" there is no trace of the scorching satire which pursues us in the "Newcomes;" nor does he once pause to moralize, or to enlarge upon the innumerable hypocrisies of modern society. It is questionable, indeed, whether this fine fragment binds up well in a volume with the "Roundabout Papers," which bring the author back into the light of common day, and to the trivialities of ordinary society.

It has not been thought necessary, in

this biographical edition, to issue the several volumes in the order of the dates at which they were written; nor has the attempt been made to preserve some serial continuity of style or subject. The arrangement, moreover, serves to accentuate unnecessarily the undeniable imparity of Thackeray's different books; for "Punch" and the "Sketch Books" are interposed between "Barry Lyndon" and "Esmond;" while even the wild and wicked Lyndon hardly deserved to be handcuffed in the same volume with Fitzboodle, whom in the body he would have crushed like an insect. Yet the classification of Thackeray's novels might be easily made, for "Barry Lyndon," "Esmond," "The Virginians," and "Denis Duval" fall together in one homogeneous group, having a strong family resemblance in tone and treatment, and following generally the chronological succession of the periods with which they are concerned. If to *Esmond* is awarded the precedence that is due to him not by seniority, but by importance, we have the wars of the eighteenth century between England and France from Marlborough's campaigns down to Rodney's great naval victory of 1783, in which Duval was destined to take part. These works represent Thackeray's very considerable contribution to the Historic School of English novelists; and we may count them also a valuable commentary upon English history, for without doubt every luminous illustration of past times and personages acts as a powerful stimulant to the national mind, by exciting a keener interest in the nation's story, and a clearer appreciation of its reality. Chateaubriand has affirmed that Walter Scott's romances produced a revolution in the art of writing histories, that no greater master of the art of historical divination has ever lived, and that his profound insight into the mediæval world, its names, the true

relation between different classes, its political and social aspects, originated a new and brilliant historical method which superceded the dim and limited views of scholarly erudition. For Thackeray we make no such extensive or extravagant claims; but it may be said that the dramatic conception of history in his novels and lectures was of great service to his readers and hearers by the vivid impressions which they conveyed of the life, character, and feelings of their forefathers, of their failings, virtues, and memorable achievements. Some material objections may be taken to the system of teaching by graphic pictures in Thackeray, as in Carlyle's "French Revolution," and in both cases the philosophy leaves much to be desired, for the writer's own idiosyncrasy colors all his work. Yet, when we remember how few are the readers to whom the accurate Dryasdust, with his careful research and well-attested facts, brings any lasting enlightenment, we may well believe that very many owe their distinct ideas of the state of England and its people during the last century to Thackeray's genius for carefully studied autobiographical fiction.

To the four historical novels mentioned above let us add three novels of nineteenth-century manners—"Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "The Newcomes"—and we have seven books (one incomplete) upon which Thackeray's name and fame survive, and will be handed down to posterity. The list is by no means long if it be compared with the outturn of Scott and Bulwer-Lytton, or of his foremost contemporary, Dickens; and Stevenson, who resembles him in the subdued realistic style of narrating a perilous fight or adventure, has left us a larger bequest. But they are amply sufficient to build up for him a lasting monument in English literature; and their very paucity may serve as a warning against the prevailing sin

of copious and indiscriminate productiveness, by which so many second-rate novelists of the present day exhaust their powers and drown a respectable reputation in a flood of writing, which sinks in quality in proportion to the rise in quantity.

How far the character and personal experiences of an author are revealed or disguised in his writings, is a question which has often been discussed. Bulwer once endeavored, in a whimsical essay, to prove that men of letters are the only people whose characters are really ascertainable, because you may know them intimately by their works; but herein he merely touched upon the general truth or truism, that society at large judges every man only by his public performances, and does not trouble itself at all about any one else. In the category of those who display in their writings their tastes and prejudices, their feelings and the special bent of their mind, we may certainly place Thackeray, who was a moralist and a satirist, very sensitive to the ills and follies of humanity, and impressionable in the highest degree. For such a man it was impossible to refrain from giving his opinions, his praise or his blame, in all that he wrote upon everything that interested him; and in portraying the society which surrounded him, he inevitably portrayed himself. He displayed as much as any writer the general complexion of his intellectual propensities and sympathies; and we can even trace in him the existence of some of the minor human frailties which he was most apt to condemn, an unconscious tendency which is not altogether uncommon. But he is essentially a high-minded man of letters, acutely sensitive to absurdities, impatient of meanness, of affectation, and of ignominious admiration of trivial things; a resolute representative of the independent literary spirit, with a strong desire to see things

as they are, and with the gift of describing them truthfully. He repudiated "the absurd outcry about neglected men of genius;" and in a letter quoted by Mrs. Ritchie he writes:—

I have been earning my own bread with my own pen for near twenty years now, and sometimes very hardly too; but in the worst time, please God, never lost my own respect.

His delicacy of feeling comes out in a letter from the United States, where he was lecturing,—

As for writing about this country, about Goshen, about the friends I have found here, and who are helping me to procure independence for my children, if I cut jokes upon them, may I choke on the instant!—

having probably in remembrance, as he wrote, Charles Dickens and the "American Notes."

On the other hand, he was not free from the defects of his qualities, mental and artistic, from the propensity to set points of character in violent relief, or from the somewhat unfair generalization which grows out of the habit of drawing types and distributing colors for satirical effect.

In regard to his religion, it appears to have been of the rationalistic eighteenth-century order in which moral ideas are entirely dominant, to the exclusion of the deeply spiritual modes of thought; and we may say of him, as of Carlyle, that his philosophy was more practical than profound. The subjoined quotation is from a letter to his daughter:

What is right must always be right, before it was practised as well as after. And if such and such a commandment delivered by Moses was wrong, depend upon it, it was not delivered by God, and the whole question of complete inspiration goes at once. And the misfortune of dogmatic belief is that, the first principle granted that

the book called the Bible is written under the direct dictation of God,—for instance, that the Catholic Church is under the direct dictation of God, and solely communicates with Him,—that Quashimaboo is the directly appointed priest of God, and so forth,—pain, cruelty, persecution, separation of dear relatives, follow as a matter of course. . . Smith's truth being established in Smith's mind as the Divine one, persecution follows as a matter of course,—martyrs have roasted over all Europe, over all God's world, upon this dogma. To my mind, Scripture only means a writing, and Bible means a book. . . Every one of us, in every part, book, circumstance of life, sees a different meaning and moral, and so it must be about religion. But we can all love each other and say "Our Father."

This is true, stout-hearted, individualistic liberty of believing,—an excellent thing and wholesome, though it by no means covers the whole ground, or meets all difficulties. The logical consequence is a strong distaste for theology, and no very high opinion of the priesthood, wherein we may probably find the root of Thackeray's proclivity, already mentioned, towards unmerited sarcasm upon the clergy. In the Introduction to "Pendennis" is a letter written from Spa, in which he says, "They have got a Sunday service here in an extinct gambling-house, and a clerical professor to perform, whom you have to pay just like any other showman who comes." It does not seem to have occurred to Thackeray that the turning of a gambling-house into a place of prayer is no bad thing of itself, or that you have no more right to expect your religious services to be done for you in a foreign land without payment, than your newspapers or novels.

But these are blemishes or eccentricities which are only worth notice in a character of exceptional interest and a writer of great originality. Thackeray's work had a distinct influence on the light literature of his generation, and possibly, also, on its manners, for

It is quite conceivable that one reason why his descriptions of snobbery and shams appear to us now overdrawn, may be that his trenchant blows at social idols did materially discredit the worship of them. His literary style had the usual following of imitators who caught his superficial form and missed the substance, as, for example, in the habit which arose of talking with warm-hearted familiarity of great eighteenth-century men, and parodying their conversation. It was easy

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enough to speak of Johnson as "Grand Old Samuel," and to hob-nob with Swift or Sterne, seeing that, like the lion's part in "Pyramus and Thisbe," "you can do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring."

Thackeray will always stand in the front rank of the very remarkable array of novelists who have illustrated the Victorian era; and this new edition is a fresh proof that his reputation is undiminished, and will long endure.

DOMESTICITY.

One is always a little sorry for foreigners, not only because they cannot have inherited the peculiar excellency proper to our race, but especially because they will never know that tranquil complacency which rests upon our assured monopoly of all the virtues. It is, however, a little curious to find ourselves being admired precisely for a lack of those qualities which we particularly arrogate to ourselves. If there is one article of belief upon which the average Englishman holds unshaken convictions, it is that domesticity is the prevailing characteristic of his country, whereas foreigners, and particularly Frenchmen, are a debauched and dissipated crew, who set in very light estimation the sanctity and sweetness of home-life. Innumerable writers, of whom the late Archbishop Trench is a conspicuous example, have enlarged upon the fact that the word home (those four consecrated letters) has no exact equivalent in the French language, and have drawn from this inferences most damaging to our neighbors and most comfortable for ourselves.

And yet, as a matter of fact, only

last year French public opinion was keenly excited over a book by M. Paul Demolins, who accepted (just like Archbishop Trench), the "superiority of the Anglo-Saxons," and endeavored to account for the phenomenon. France, he admitted, was going to the wall. And why? His answer may be summed up in a sentence. Our domesticity undoes us. Sons will not leave their parents to go to school; the parting is more than they can endure. Parents will scarcely allow their sons to accept lucrative work a hundred miles off. Every father in France is hampered in the struggle for existence by the sense of parental obligation, which compels him not merely to educate his children adequately to their station, but to provide each of them with a portion sufficient for his or her maintenance in the world. All the efforts of life are directed to keeping the home-circle as complete as possible within the smallest range of space, and to ensuring for every member of that circle an equal provision of comfort and well-being. Hence follow many consequences; the restriction of population, the absence of colonizing

energy, the total lack of initiative among youths. But I do not want to follow M. Demolins into his political argument. I merely wish to point out that we present ourselves to our neighbors as an admirably undomestic people. The Spartans were models to Greece, but they were not domestic in their habits; and the modern French observer praises or censures British fathers and mothers for their Spartan qualities. The British *paterfamilias* is always willing that his son should go into the most fighting army in existence, or risk his health in an Indian climate, serving his Queen. In many cases he is not less willing that a troublesome lad should betake himself to the Colonies, or to America, and there find employment as a stockrider or a policeman, a car-driver or a waiter. The *paterfamilias* has a sense of the respectable which would prevent his acquiescing in such an arrangement while his son remained in these islands, but let the son go over-sea to a country where, as *paterfamilias* flatters himself, there are no distinctions of class, and why should not these things be? He washes his hands of an encumbrance.

I am putting here the dark side of what is undoubtedly the greatest element in our national success. Enterprise has grown so habitual to the race that the edge of separation is blunted by familiarity, though one would be slow to assert that ties are weaker for that. Scarcely a family but has its exile, expatriated it may be, for life, or at least for long years; and many of these exiles have their places kept fresh in the constant tendance of memory. Mr. Kipling has written a song of the Overland Mail. That service links the life of the Empire together, and there are two ends to the link; nerves thrill not less where it holds to home than at its outermost branches among the Afghan snows or the roses

of Cashmere. If you go to Tilbury docks and watch the start of an outward-bound steamer, you will see few but dry-eyed partings; only here and there the lips of a mother writhe with the silent agony. Men shake hands, and from the tugboat and the steamer's deck handkerchiefs flutter; so it is over.

The absence of demonstration argues something more than a mere reticence of temperament. Our families tend to scatter; and we are contented that they should. We go each our own way to contract new ties for ourselves, but we do not mean that they should hamper us or other people beyond what seems to us a reasonable limit. Our attitude in the whole matter, is, to my mind, a virtue, but it is not the virtue of domesticity, and it is no doubt, a little exasperating to foreigners, that we should take credit for both. It would not be hard for a Frenchman to argue on grounds apparently irresistible, that domestic ties were stronger and closer in France than among us.

The contrast between the two races in this respect, was strongly borne in on me the other day, when I chanced to be staying at a little inn among the Norman forests. Needless to say, the majority of its shifting inmates were English. Some were married couples; there were wives without their husbands, and husbands without their wives; but there was no family. On the other hand, among the few French there was one really touching example of domesticity; a middle-aged father and mother with their baby and its nurse. All of them had their meals together, and none of them seemed to be happy if any of the others were out of sight. One day I chanced to come upon the husband reading his newspaper in the forest, a few hundred yards from the hotel. When I came in, there was a general

air of emotion about the establishment, the wife and the nurse were anxiously seeking everywhere for the truant. With an impulse which I feel to have been undomestic, I refrained from betraying his whereabouts; but when I saw the rapture of their greeting on his return, and his obvious distress at the anxiety he had occasioned, I was sorry I had not spoken. No British father that I have ever seen was so essential to the happiness of his family as was this Frenchman; and certainly his devotion to his infant was without parallel in my experience. No trace of false shame would prevent him from wheeling the perambulator up and down before the inn, running with little short steps, and puffing or whistling to counterfeit a railway-train. These manifestations of fondness only excited the contempt alike of the English men and English women, who scoured the country on vagrant bicycles, devoutly thankful, so far as my acquaintance among them enabled me to judge, to have escaped from the sights and sounds of their nurseries. Of course, from the English point of view (which I fully share) the devoted French parent was an ass; but is it not a little undomestic to think so?

Are we really as enthusiastically attached to our homes and families as the French? That is the question which a visit to France always inclines me to ask myself. There is no doubt that, among the poorer classes, a Frenchwoman understands better how to make herself and her man comfortable than does the corresponding person in England. As for the richer, one must remember that it was the English who invented the club, and this, although it is an admirable achievement, is scarcely a tribute to the attractions of the British home. In our amusements also, we are less gregarious; we tend to take each his own

line, and are less prone to the idea of enjoyments to be shared by the whole family.

A very amusing book by M. Henri Lavedan, recently published under the title of "*Les Beaux Dimanches*," confirms me in this impression. His *dimanches* are sketches in dialogue of typical French Sundays, and at least one of them shows the French parent as a martyr to domesticity. In "*Que Falt-on Tantôt* (What are we going to do?)" you have a picture of the decent French *bourgeois*, a literary man, blessed with five daughters; and the father and mother are planning what must be done to amuse the five little girls this Sunday afternoon. The mother would sooner go peaceably to church by herself, but she recognizes the inevitable, and is ready to accompany them. The girls would prefer that their father should come too; it is he who makes little jokes for them, who insists that they shall all wear their best pink hats, and never thinks twice about a cab-fare. Only they cannot agree among themselves what they want to do; papa suggests a number of agreeable things, but mamma finds an objection to all of them; the skating-rink costs too much, the Bois puts notions into the pretty daughter's head, and the amusements that are cheap and not too amusing have all been used up. So the debate goes on, while the unfortunate father does his best to keep every body in good humor, till, looking out of the window, he sees that Providence has sent rain. That settles the question; there can be no going out, and papa retires to his books, not a little relieved. This is scarcely the rôle which the British father reserves to himself in a well-regulated household. And even when the father is not precisely a martyr, his notion of enjoyment is unmistakably to enjoy himself in the bosom of his family.

The second of M. Lavedan's scenes, "Partie de Campagne," passes up-stairs over the shop of a little dyer and cleaner, M. Boleau. It is seven o'clock of an August morning, and the whole family is running about, eagerly preparing for the great picnic. M. Boleau, in his shirt-sleeves, inquires anxiously after the pie, the salad, and the cheese, and in the interval clamors for his shaving water. Madame reassures him, and he celebrates the advent of his new horse and carriage. It is a great day for the Boleau household, an envious day for the quarter; the Boleaus have at last attained to the dignity of a *voiture*. So with the new purchase they are all setting off to take their *déjeuner* out-of-doors at Villejuif. M. Boleau knows a spot, with gardens all round it, trees, flowers, and delightful turf. They will sit down on a bank by the roadside, unpack the basket ("carefully," says Madame) and lunch "like kings." Madame Boleau will take off her hat, to eat with more comfort. But the ice? Has it been forgotten? Certainly not; it is wrapped up in one of M. Boleau's old flannel waistcoats. And in the middle of all the pleasant fuss, the carriage comes round. Lucie, the little girl, sees it first, and all the family crowd to the window. Madame Boleau admits, in a whisper, that she is a little awestruck (*ça m'impressionne*). "Ah," says M. Boleau in a moment of expansion, "think how many pairs of gloves cleaned that represents!" The horse is splendid; nobody would see that he has been *couronné*, which is the pretty French phrase for little marks on his knees. The only thing that Madame Boleau cannot quite make up her mind about is his name, Cæsar,—a Greek name,—decidedly he will have to get another. M. Boleau retires hastily to his room to finish his toilet. "What tie do you advise?" he cries from inside; and Madame recommends a pea-

green. The dialogue goes on for a minute or two through the half-open door, till suddenly a great and bitter cry comes from the bedroom, and M. Boleau appears on the threshold, strangely distraught. "*Cocotte*," he cries, and Madame, in tender alarm, answers "*Mon loup*." "*Cocotte, cocotte!*" cries M. Boleau, and Madame adjures him to speak. "My poor children," gasps the head of the household. "What, what?" "I have the toothache!" Wife and daughter fling themselves upon him, and assure him it will go off; they suggest remedies; but the pain increases; M. Boleau grows uncontrollable; he curses the injustice of heaven. "It is all up with the picnic,—unharness Cæsar,—and all because I am a poor, miserable dyer. Smart people never have toothache, not they. Ah, such a picnic!" Finally, he falls to smashing the furniture. It is a poignantly domestic tragedy. The household is so closely united in its joys and sorrows that the center of the family communicates even his toothache to the rest. It seems to them the most natural thing in the world; when the cousin comes in, at the last moment, to go with them, he hears the picnic is off. "Why?" he asks. And Lucie answers simply, "*Papa a sa dent*."

Seriously, it is comic enough, but quite typical of an intensely domestic people, who are domestic even in their most undomestic relations. The young Frenchman is exceedingly prone to set up an extra-legal *ménage*; and as for the undomestic woman, one of the funniest of M. Lavedan's sketches describes the establishment of a young person who is promoted to prosperity, if not to honor, and reserves her Sundays strictly for seeing her family. Her parents, industrious market-gardeners, and even her uncle, flock to see her possessions, to snap up unconsidered trifles, and to bless heaven for giving them so good and dutiful a

daughter. These, however, are issues which it is not necessary to pursue. My point is that the French have a genius for domesticity, whereas the English have not. Of course the *Micawbers* were an exception; but if you take even Dickens, who is a kind of apostle of domesticity, it is, upon the whole, a gloomy idea of the British home that you will gather. And Thackeray's appalling sketch of the Osborne household is scarcely a caricature. The severity of its gloom has been lightened in the last fifty years, but only by increasing the freedom of individuals. Mrs. Clifford, in a clever little sketch among her "Mere Stories," puts the issue from the wife's point of view. Her Mr. Webster is a person very like old Osborne, but he is a rare type now. Mr. Webster will not let his wife decorate her drawing-room according to her own taste; he will not let her friends, least of all, her male friends, come to tea with her; and he insists that the dinners shall be ordered according to his severely British taste, which prefers cod and anchovy sauce followed by a joint, to any more inventive confections. Mrs. Clifford's conclusion is that the wife does wisely and well to run away from him; and it is quite clear that the average man would be very unwise to try Mr. Webster's methods with the average modern woman. Practically it comes to this. For a long time English novelists, who are representative observers, have commented on the tedium of English home-life; and the progress of ideas has greatly lightened that tedium, not by abolishing the heavy silence or mechanical talk which is apt to fall upon a home circle, but by increasing the facilities for escape. All the tendencies of modern English society are in a sense anti-domestic.

It is the woman, not the man, who makes a home, and the modern woman, if she has a home, is surprisingly often

out of it. To begin with, the mere problem of locomotion is enormously simplified for her. Our fathers did not encourage their wives to go abroad; they questioned the propriety of cabs, and drew the line absolutely at omnibuses. Fifty years ago it was still something of an affair for a woman to get anywhere, and she thought twice before she went outside her own door. Besides, there were not so many reasons for going out. The strongest material link of domesticity is the common table, and in the early days of Her Majesty's reign a woman had to dine either in her own house or with her friends. Restaurants scarcely existed, except for men. Now London is sprinkled with them as from a pepper-pot, and there is scarcely one where a sensible man may not take a sensible woman, and plenty where the sensible woman may go by herself, if she wants to. The added freedom makes for the pleasure of mutual intercourse; it is no longer so essential to a man's happiness that his wife should be a good cook, or at least the cause of good cooking in others. He may reasonably consider whether he will not do well to marry some one whom it is amusing to take to the theatre. There is much more chance than there used to be for a husband and wife to shake off domestic ties altogether, whether for an evening or a month. If they live in a flat, the affair becomes simplicity itself; they have only to go away and slam the door behind them; and this suggests rather an amusing point in the international attitude. Flats came in from France, where every body lives in an *appartement*; and we used to hear that an Englishman's house was his castle, a shrine of British palladiums, which was being ignominiously abandoned for a somewhat improper arrangement borrowed from the undomestic Continent. Yet, as a matter of fact, the undomestic French live peace-

ably in their *appartements*, and seldom leave them, except to dine with their relatives or relations-in-law, a social duty, whose tyranny is not felt among us; whereas directly the Englishman has got his flat, he is struck by the convenience it offers for getting away from it. The habit of running out of town at the end of the week increases, and few people are content with only one annual holiday from the routine of home life. That is the real attraction of the flat; if you ask your friends why they prefer to live in a section of a barrack, they will nearly always answer that it is so much easier to go away. But with the disappearance of the house as a social institution, the home tends to disappear also. Servants pass more and more into the condition of club-waiters, impersonal machines; and the old retainer becomes a tradition of the past.

Another singularly anti-domestic factor in modern existence is the advent of the bicycle, which not merely tempts people out of doors, when, under old conditions, they would have stayed at home, but opens a vastly wider range of dissipation, even in the country, by its capacity for covering the ground. People are far less limited to their own resources; the number of tennis and croquet parties which they can easily attend is indefinitely increased, and one has only to read Miss Austen to be reminded how unsettling these gaieties may be.

There seems to me nothing alarming in the prospect, and I have no desire to raise the cry of domesticity in danger. What has long happened in the serious concerns of life extends itself to more trivial matters; our families tend to disperse themselves, not merely in pursuit of business, but of pleasure, and by so doing they seem to me to show their sense. The Englishwoman in particular, of the present day, has probably more personal liberty in de-

cent society than any kind of woman that has yet been invented, far more than the contemporary American; and one has no quarrel with the result. She has entirely shaken off the feeling, or the affectation, that it is impossible for her to be happy unless she sees with her own eyes daily that her children eat their pudding and do not get their feet wet. Indeed, she is disposed to argue that no one is so much in need of a holiday as the middle-class mother, since her occupation is always with her; no Factory Act comes in to limit her hours of work. I have heard a lady suggest (and it seemed an admirable idea) that one of the ladies' clubs should try the experiment of organizing a large *crèche* with a competent staff, where members of the club could deposit their children upon reasonable terms when they wanted to go off for a tour with their husbands. Some of the most devoted and admirable mothers prefer to take their holidays entirely by themselves, and vary the routine altogether. As an American lady put it to me the other day, "You get into that state that you'd sooner smell any man's cigar than your husband's." The aspiration is undomestic, but it is a question whether in the end it does not make for happiness that husband and wife should freshen the pleasure in each other's society by occasional spells of absence. Stevenson, perhaps, stated the case in too extreme a form when he said that the ideal husband was a sailor, but he was only exaggerating a truth. French people have not the restlessness in their blood which makes us wanderers, and they are contentedly domestic; but to be domestic out of a sense of duty, and against the grain, ends in boredom, and to be bored is not good for the soul or body of any man or woman. English husbands, I believe, are much more to be envied, since their wives began to discover that the skies would not fall

If they left their households to take care of themselves for a month or six weeks; since the first business of husbands and wives in this world is to be good company for one another, and

cheerful parents generally make cheerful children. Let us remember the appalling Mr. Osborne, and rejoice in the change.

Stephen Gwynn.

Macmillan's Magazine.

DANDY AND DANDIZETTE.

THE STORY OF A YEAR AND A DAY.

CHAPTER I.

THE SINGING MASTER.

Dandy and Dandizette lived when this century was only twenty years old, and Dandy's age was exactly the age of the century. Dandizette was three years younger.

Dandy was tall and comely, and, if he had not thought it a part of beauty to dress himself in the manner which won for him his sobriquet, the sun of that time could scarce have shone upon a handsomer fellow.

Besides his good looks, he had a voice that held out promise of his becoming one of the finest singers of that day. His rare voice stood him in good stead, and he was on the road to fame and wealth, when he met Dandizette.

Dandizette was a slender young girl, with a fresh, pretty face, and a sunny wealth of hair. Like Dandy, she dressed at tip-top of the fashion,—this attracting all eyes to her. Sweet modesty thus suffered through the "mode." She was lamentably foolish, in this, again, like her lover. In fact, the thought lies near, that there did not live at that time two more foolish persons than these twain,—until they found their souls.

To begin their story at the beginning, Dandy was engaged to give Dandizette singing lessons.

Dandizette had no voice, but it was no part of her singing master's busi-

ness to tell that to her grandmother; and, if it had been, there is every reason to believe that he would have placed pleasure before business, and have pleased himself with observing silence, as he did.

Making no complaint, he was twice a week subjected to what would, with the alteration of one circumstance, have been intolerable martyrdom to him,—to wit, the listening to singing in a high, thin voice which uttered itself in complete independence of the piano-forte accompaniment.

Dandy played that accompaniment with a smile in his fine blue eyes, which was the result of a thought that held him whenever he was with Dandizette, and which turned on the strangeness of the phenomenon that a young girl of such sweet prettiness should emit sounds so unsweet.

"I think, Mr. Smijth"—so Dandy spelt his patronymic—"I shall never be a nightingale!"

So Dandizette said more than once.

"I think, Lady Marget"—the forename of Dandizette, who was an earl's daughter, was Margaret, and Dandy thus prettified it—"I think, Lady Marget, I could never like a nightingale as well as you."

Dandy did not say that more than once, because, little clever as he was, he was somewhat cleverer than Dandizette, and thus could think of different things to say. Whatever thing he

said always implied that in his deeming Dandizette was, by much, better than a nightingale.

Dandizette believed Dandy, but was so far from minded to let him see that she did, that she said, with what to him was sweet iteration:

"I fear you do not mean that, Mr. Smijth. My grandmamma says that gentleman's talk is commonly wheel-dles."

Dandizette's grandmamma, who, like the language she used, was sixty years the elder of Dandizette, was present at these lessons, and might have borne out her granddaughter's assertion, or have deprecated it, had she heard it; but the years that were making Mistress Brown—for Dandizette's grandmother had married into the large family of that name—begin to look a-cold and blue, had deadened her organ of hearing, and she heard nothing of what passed between Dandy and Dandizette.

Howbeit, she saw some things.

CHAPTER II.

ANTIPATHIES.

One of the things which Mistress Brown saw in her quality of duenna was, that after a certain time Dandy ceased to wear a jonquill in his button-hole, and that Dandizette ceased to wear silk.

The thing perplexed Mistress Brown, and, as her habit was, she set about in the most straightforward way to obtain the explanation of it.

"Why, Mr. Smijth, sir," she said to Mr. Smijth, "do you cease to wear a jonquill in your button-hole?"

"The Lady Marget, madam," answered Mr. Smijth, "swoons to smell a jonquill. 'Tis an antipathy."

"A fiddlestick!" said the Lady Marget's grandmother.

"By your leave, madam," said Dandy, "Mr. Boyle, the great philoso-

pher, fainted to hear water splash. 'Twas an antipathy."

"A fiddlestick!"

"Madam, my service to you."

So saying Dandy took his leave.

As he struck out homewards, it seemed to Dandy that a great cloud was in the sky, whereas, contrariwise, the sun was shining very brightly. Midway in his walk he stopped, and said aloud, "I am half a mind to fall off from this."

He was walking under trees, and there were no other walkers near.

Thus Dandy confided to the empty air that he was half resolved not to follow up the advantages which he had so far won with Dandizette.

Meanwhile Mistress Brown was pursuing her inquiries.

"Why, Margaret," she said, "wear you no longer silk?"

Margaret was silent.

Mistress Brown spoke again, using the figure of speech termed a leading question. "Is it," she said, "that Mr. Smijth is of those gentlemen who swoon to touch silk?"

"Ay, madam," replied Dandizette, "'Tis an antipathy."

Mistress Brown slowly nodded her head as who should say: "Is it so?"

Dandizette gave a quick nod of her head which said, "Yes," and she added:

"By your leave, madam, Mr. Boyle, the great philosopher, fainted to hear water splash. 'Twas an antipathy."

Mistress Brown for a moment averted a face on which smiles played; then she said gravely:

"So, Margaret, Mr. Smijth has just informed me, and also that you swoon to smell a jonquill. With your antipathies, you are certainly the two persons the most like Mr. Boyle that are now in the world."

The sarcasm was here so pointed that even foolish Dandizette reddened hotly, and fell to playing with what she called her Bath ring. This was a ring

of hair which had been made in London.

Mistress Brown, who saw this ring for the first time, eyed it angrily, and she was not slow in giving expression to her wrath.

CHAPTER III.

THE BATH RING.

"This ring I saw never before, Margaret," so Mistress Brown exclaimed irately. "When Mr. Smijth comes to give you his next lesson, which I will have to be his last one, you will, I desire, give it back to him, or——"

Here Dandizette's grandmother clapped her hands, as is done to give applause; but she did not mean by this action to signify the giving of applause, as Dandizette knew well.

"Shall I be beaten to marry not whom I love, grandmamma?"

So, in phrasing not of the clearest, Dandizette asked, still playing with her Bath ring.

"Is it Mr. Smijth whom you love, Margaret?" came the counter-query.

"Ay. 'Tis he."

Dandizette, as she said this, fell back a step. Then she added bravely:

"There is no gentleman in the world like Mr. Smijth for me."

"My dear, you are exceedingly in love. When you shall have lived longer you will know of men's identicalness. Where difference is, you will learn, is only in their 'scutcheons."

"Fie, grandmamma!" exclaimed the Lady Margaret, whose father's 'scutcheon might have inclined her to pride, howbeit it did not.

"Fie, grandmamma!" was echoed in a high note of anger. "What mockado is this? Shall I be impertinenced by you! 'Oh, oh?'—nay, your 'Oh, oh's!' shall not serve your turn. Take now a turn or two of reflection."

With this counsel Mistress Brown left her granddaughter,—with red-

dened ears. Under the door-lintel she added:

"Your wry faces and compursions of the mouth move not me, Margaret. A young lady of fortune, whose papa was an earl, to marry a professed singer,—I think you are run mad! A gentleman with a pen in his ear shall please me better than that."

By a gentleman with a pen in his ear Mistress Brown meant a merchant.

Dandizette, a moment afterwards, found herself alone with her Bath ring. She kissed it with tears in her eyes, and, as she did so, said tenderly:

"My dear papa!"

The hair in the Bath ring was the hair of the earl whose daughter Dandizette was. He had died young, predeceased by his young wife, and there were people who shook their heads over the roses that blossomed in Dandizette's cheeks.

These people said that Dandizette would die young.

Meanwhile, Dandizette felt a-tingle with life from her little head to her little feet, and it was with lively love that she said:

"My dear papa!"

This she said aloud; and she said also aloud, for there were only the walls to listen:

"My dear—my very dear—Mr. Smijth!"

The simple truth is that Dandizette was, as her grandmother had said, "exceedingly in love."

CHAPTER IV.

DANDIZETTE AT A STANDSTILL.

Dandizette, left alone with her Bath ring, stood long at a window, and when her grandmother, whose wrath was short as it was sharp, returned and placed herself at the girl's side, with the question, asked very kindly: "Of what thinks Margaret?" Dandizette said with a start:

"Only the rain, madam, only the rain. Our garden was grown bare and brown. This rain will recover the green."

The rain consisted of a few heavy drops that would leave "the green" very much in the condition to which prolonged sunshine had reduced it. Mistress Brown might have pointed this out, but she did not do so.

"Tut, Margaret," she said, "you were never thinking of the rain."

"I was not, madam," Dandizette said candidly, "but what will you have me say? I am got, I know not how, into your disfavor, and whatso I do, you are unpleasable."

"Your looking so sad displeases me." The old lady, as she said this, looked at Dandizette with a face as troubled as vexed. "A young maid that is not pretty, who yet will throw her face in an expression of love and gladness shall seem pretty, but even a pretty maid shall not seem pretty when she seems moodish. Of what now thought you, Margaret?"

"I thought, madam, of my marriage, —if, madam, I shall marry."

This somewhat vaguely-worded speech did not elicit an answer at once, but in time it elicited one.

"I desire that you shall marry, Margaret," Mistress Brown said gravely. "To sit all day with no husband opposite is a life not to be borne, but there are men not of the canaglia to marry a young lady of fortune whose father was an earl. Have a care that you do not perceive too late that you are in a wrong box, Margaret. A maid that weds has taken her career, and is run to a place where she cannot recoil herself. Now at last, my dear, you smile. Why smile you?"

"Heart, madam," came the reply, marked by more candor than caution. "My thought was that the place where Mr. Smijth is, is one I shall never run away from."

"Louder, Margaret! You speak so low I hear not."

But Margaret—even candid, incautious Margaret—did not repeat her speech.

She fell into a silence, combined with the contemplation of herself in a mirror so hung that she had to stand on tiptoe. The contemplation of herself was so agreeable to Margaret as to make compensation to her for the pain of standing on tiptoe in shoes that were a size smaller than her little feet.

CHAPTER V.

THE SITUATION DEVELOPS.

Mistress Brown was being dressed, and her granddaughter had come to wish her a good morning. By old custom this ceremony always took place while Mistress Brown was being dressed.

There were a number of reasons for this. One of them was that Mistress Brown took toilet-counsel with her granddaughter, whose pleasure was not only to array herself in what she conceived to be a style "ravishing beyond expression," to use her own quaint phrasing, but to see other persons so arrayed.

This is so far from being general that it is set down here as tantamount to a good mark given to Dandizette.

When Mistress Brown would say to Dandizette, "Am I too mody, think you?" Dandizette would answer, with eyes alight, "Indeed, grandmamma, no! Why should not you be mody?" and when Mistress Brown would say, "This gives me tonishness, does it not?" the reply would come as readily, "It does so, grandmamma. 'Tonishness,' 'tis a sweet word!"

If foolish Dandizette could have set up a standard for English, the word "tonishness," which her grandmother alone among her acquaintance used, would not have been allowed to become thus all but extinct.

The old lady and the young lady had, up to the time here under consideration, been the best of friends. Not that an occasional difference did not arise between them, but it had heretofore been of the briefest duration, finding its end at the point at which Dandizette either came to see the justice of the argument set up against hers—that argument usually taking the form of a whipping, or a box on the ear—or at which she came to see the wickedness of indulging the angry passions which this treatment called into play.

Being, as her grandmother allowed, the best-humored girl in the world, Dandizette never sulked for long, and there was astonishment as well as vexation in the look with which her grandmother, on the morning here in view, said, as, having raised her pale cheek to the girl's cold caress, she still held her head erect:

"Miss, you are crabby now three days."

Dandizette made no reply, but such as might be considered to be conveyed in a lamentable sigh. Then she said with less irrelevance than may seem to all who read this page:

"What's o'clock?"

"The rapper answers," her grandmother said quietly.

By "the rapper" Mistress Brown meant the door-knocker, which was at this moment played upon in a manner peculiar to Dandy.

All the whiteness in Dandizette's face turned to redness for a moment, then all the redness in it turned to whiteness, and then it was restored to its normal aspect of part red, part white.

Mistress Brown, seated before a mirror to be dressed, observed these phenomena, and, being heart-fond of her granddaughter, rejoiced exceedingly at the loveliness of them. Then, she said, smiling, to her tiring-woman:

"When you shall complexionify me,

Susan, to make me have the colors of the Lady Margaret, I will allow you do miracles with pomatum and Spanish red."

"Madam, I do my best," the tiring-woman said, meekly.

"Said I you did not?" was asked testily. "You have words mightily at command."

Considering the fewness and the mildness of the words used, this rebuke seemed disproportionate to the offence, but the offender, nervously operating with the two toilet-articles named by her mistress, made no protest, beyond such as was contained in a sigh.

"I sit here in a whirlwind," said the sarcastic and irascible old lady.

Dandizette checked a rising sigh, and substituted for it a little toe and heel movement to carry off stress of mood. Then she said, as loudly as she could, and as breezily as she dared:

"Was it your earnest, grandmamma, that Mr. Smijth is to give me to-day my last lesson in singing?"

"It was so, Margaret," was answered, "and 'twas my earnest that you shall give to-day to Mr. Smijth the ring you have on your finger."

Dandizette's face wore for a moment a perplexed look. Then she said, with a willingness which surprised, and, if the whole truth shall be said, did not wholly please her grandmother, "I will give the ring to Mr. Smijth."

Some moments later the two ladies entered the room in which Mr. Smijth was waiting for them.

CHAPTER VI.

A DRAMATIC MOMENT.

Mr. Smijth was as dandified as ever in his dress, but his face was very pale, and there was a strained, proud look in his eyes which neither Mistress Brown nor Dandizette had ever seen there. He bowed gravely, and no light came to his face when Dandizette ap-

proached him, and, taking the ring from her hand, said, using the tone that reaches those with hearing, but that does not reach those who are deaf, "Sir, this ring is of the hair of my dear papa, and my grandmamma bids me give it to you."

The words sounded so like mockery to love-lorn, proud Dandy that his face contracted sharply. He felt like a man in a dream, and made no answer.

As discomfited as Dandy, Dandizette produced from a bag which she carried for a pocket, a handkerchief so small that twenty tears would certainly have drenched it, and said, as she put it to her eyes:

"You are, Mr. Smijth, sir, a cow-hearted man!"

By a cow-hearted man, Dandizette meant a coward.

Dandizette had acted on what she conceived to be lines permissible to a young lady of fortune whose papa was an earl, and who loved and was loved by a gentleman who was nothing more than a professed singer with the patronymic of Smijth.

But Dandizette was a young maid, and Dandy was a young man, and it behooved him, so Dandizette told herself, weeping, not to act the part of a man of wood.

Dandizette was still weeping when Dandy, in a transport of love and joy, took her to his heart, and held her there though Mistress Brown said, using language of eighteenth century classics already voted out of fashion in 1820:

"I wonder, sir, you have this brass!"

At the back of her heart, Mistress Brown had already forgiven Dandy. A man of wood was as little to her taste as to the taste of Dandizette.

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER A YEAR AND A DAY.

Exactly a year and a day had passed since Dandy had won Dandizette.

They had been man and wife for eleven months, and the sun of their happiness had shone very brightly, albeit out of clouds.

It has been said that there were people who shook their heads over the roses that blossomed in Dandizette's cheeks, people who said that Dandizette would die young. It was the fading of these roses that put the clouds about the sun of Dandy's happiness.

Dandizette never complained, and the first inkling that Dandy got of her alling was her saying, day after day, at dinner, to his, "Love, shall I help you to a pigeon?" "No, Love, I thank you."

Dandy and Dandizette had baptismal names, but each called the other "Love."

Dandizette came to have relish for no meats, and then came to have relish for no sweets. At last a time came when Dandizette could not even eat a custard-pudding which Dandy told her he had himself "tossed up" for her.

Dandy told the doctor of that, with the bright tears in his eyes. He was conscious of their being there, and said:

"Sir, grief ungentlemans me."

"It was typical of Dandy to say 'ungentleman' for 'unman.'"

The doctor strode to his window.

He had known many married couples, but never a married couple so happy as Dandy and Dandizette, and he would have foregone the fees of a year and a day to dower Dandy's wife with health. But it was not to be done.

Speaking gruffly, because of his anger with himself that he found it difficult to speak, he put a string of conventional questions, the answers to which he had received times and again, and wound up by asking in an unnecessarily severe tone, if Dandy obeyed to the letter all his injunctions.

As Dandy only lived for Dandizette it was impossible that any injunction

bearing upon her health should be ignored by him. His pained look said this plainly, and Dandy added:

"Whatso I do, she mends not in the least. She had her color when I left her, the hectic of a moment, which passed her cheek, to see me dressed to go abroad, for all her talk had been, 'You tarry too much with your Margaret;' but when, I saw her through the keyhole"—Dandy confessed without a blush to peering thus at his wife—"her cheek was white, and her look all hip and melancholy."

"I warrant you went back to her," the doctor said, again looking out of his window.

"I did so," Dandy confessed. His voice then changed suddenly, sinking almost to a whisper, as he approached the medical man:

"Sir, I then seemed to see in her face what said to me, 'this little candle goes out.' Did you, sir, ever note a dyingness in Margaret's eyes?"

The doctor said nothing, but put his hand on Dandy's shoulder, as who should say:

"Bear up, man."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LAST OF DANDIZETTE.

Dandy bore up, and went on speaking to the doctor.

"Being returned to my wife," he said, "I sate down by her on her bed, and could find nothing to say. I think, sir, we were thus together an hour, when she said: 'There is a ravishing sweetness in silence which I knew never before!' When a young lady, sir, finds a ravishing sweetness in silence, is not death near?"

Dandy said this so gravely that the doctor checked the smile which almost started to his face. Then he averred, either in pity of Dandy, or in mercy to young ladies, that death is not neces-

sarily near because a young lady finds a ravishing sweetness in silence.

Dandy eased his mind by talking on.

"She spoke a great deal after that," he said, "all, sir, in towering tragics. 'Now we see,' says she, 'that flounces, feathers, fallals and finery is show and superficials all.' When a young lady speaks thus, shall one not fear, sir? I am put into the utmost consternation."

Again the doctor only placed his hand on Dandy's shoulder.

"You speak not, sir!" Dandy exclaimed, and for the first time his manner showed something that was not only grief. "Now I shall put to you a question," he added, "which your not answering shall make me the angriest man that you saw ever. My sweet wife, sir, is like one at point to die. Is it any of my fault, sir?"

The doctor faced round unhesitatingly.

"No, sir," he said, "'tis none of your fault. When the Lady Margaret was a little child, I was called to attend her in a sickness, and said then, 'There is not here what will last twenty years.' What age is her ladyship of?"

"Her age is eighteen years," Dandy said brokenly.

A heavy silence fell here.

"Would you, sir," the voice was the doctor's, "that I should return with you to her ladyship?"

Dandy signified an affirmative, and an hour later preceded the doctor into his wife's room.

A bullfinch was hung in the window of this room, and piped 'Britons, rouse up your great magnanimity!' The doctor, with a face of protest, explained himself as of opinion that this martial music was out of place in a sick room. Dandy smiled, and pointed to his wife.

"She is fallen soundly asleep," he whispered; "only her baby wakes."

Dandizette's baby lay open-eyed in her arms.

The doctor bent and took the baby,

and then he broke to Dandy as gently as might be that Dandizette was dead.

Dandy looked at the doctor with wide, dry eyes.

"Docthor, sir," said an Irish voice, "give him the babby."

The doctor had retained hold of Dandizette's little child, and now put it into Dandy's arms.

Dandy looked at the baby, as he had looked at the doctor, with wide dry eyes.

The doctor turned to the Irishwoman, and whispered:

"Biddy, you women can do these things. Make the man cry. He will else go mad."

Saying this, the doctor went to the window, unhooked from it the cage, and taking it with him, left the room, and shortly after the house.

Biddy remained with Dandy and his child.

CHAPTER IX.

DANDY AND HIS CHILD.

For a time Biddy did not speak. Then she said, in the coaxing lilt of her people, as she looked at the desolate man with the baby in his arms:

"Arrah, sir, darlin', sing to the gurly."

Biddy's white head robbed the phrase "sir, darlin'," of any impropriety. For the rest, the outrageousness of her request fell in with the mood of Dandy, which was out of joint, and he said, as the wavering glance of his eyes sought the straight glance of hers:

"What shall I sing?"

"Musha, sir, annything," answered Biddy.

Dandy appeared to think for a moment, then he sang in his wonderful voice:

Sorrow hath twined a wreath for me,
Made of the weeping cypress tree.

Here he paused, and asked:

"How goes it on, Biddy?"

Biddy was making the wall of her people, "Wirra! wirra!" and did not answer.

Dandy looked at her and then looked away from her at Dandizette, and changed his song to—

Sweetest love, I'll not forget thee,
Time shall only teach my heart,
Fonder, warmer, to regret thee,
Lovely, gentle, as thou art.
Farewell, Bessy!

He seemed to be arrested by the name Bessy, and with a look in his face that said, "Her name is Marget," sought in the disordered rooms of memory for a song, fit threnody for Marget. He was not long before he found one. Tightening his hold on Dandizette's child he sang:

Ah, willow! willow! droop with me,
Still bend thy verdant head;
For I have lost my own true love,
Ah! wherefore is she fled?
Sad willow tree,
She's gone from me;
So, willow, I will weep with thee.

"The rest is gone."

With this confession, made in the tone of courteous regret with which it would fitly have been made to a drawing-room audience in Belgravia, whereas Dandy's audience was composed of his little week-old child and an Irish peasant woman, Dandy made slow transition to a song, the music of which was his own, while the words were by Charles Wolfe of "Not-a-drum-was-heard" fame. This song ran:

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not mourn for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be.
It never through my mind had passed
That time would e'er be o'er,
When I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look
And think 'twill smile again,
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain.
But when I speak thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel,—as well I may!
Sweet Mary, thou art dead.

"Mary?" the singer repeated the name in a speaking voice, heavily charged with perplexity.

Biddy here signified with an arm gesture that the baby should be rocked.

Dandy mechanically imitated the rocking movement, and when the Irish-woman added, "Sing, sir, now a hushaby," he found that his repertory contained one, and sang:

A baby wandered from its home,
When day was gently breaking;
Long did the pretty infant roam,
Each simple wild-flower seeking,
But night came on, the dreary sky,
The wind so bleak, the leaves so dry,
Sung the poor baby's hushaby.

The frantic mother sought her child,
While the chill rain was falling;

The Sunday Magazine.

Its lisping voice, its features mild,
At every blast recalling.
She wept, and, with a heartfelt sigh,
Fell on a green turf that was nigh,
Hummed her poor baby's hushaby.

The baby, near her slumb'ring, 'woke,
Like some sweet, op'ning blossom;
Then through the spreading branches
broke
And leaped upon her bosom.
The mother gave a piercing cry,
Wiped every rain-drenched garment
dry,
Hummed her poor baby's hushaby.

"But how came that?" said Dandy, passing his hand across his forehead.
"The baby had no mother."

The mother died when her child was born,
And left me her babe to keep,
I rocked its cradle even and morn,
Or silent hung o'er it to weep.

Biddy here crept away.
The tears were running down
Dandy's face. His reason was saved.
Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling.

SCIENCE OF RELIGION: A RETROSPECT.

There is one advantage in growing old,—one is able to see that the world is growing also. Whether it is growing better or worse may be left an open question, but it certainly is not to-day what we knew it to be, say, fifty years ago.

Another advantage is that from a distance we can better perceive the general drift of a science, the direction in which it really has moved and is moving. We are less distracted by the books that appear from year to year, occupy our attention for a time, and then are forgotten. We are better able, also, to see how books that are now al-

most forgotten, have, like sunken rocks, determined the undercurrent of the stream of scientific work.

I can well think back at least fifty years, when I attended the first lectures on "Religionsgeschichte"—History of Religions—in the University of Leipzig, and afterwards at Berlin. These lectures were then strictly confined to the Christian and the Jewish religions, and they were generally delivered by the professor of Hebrew, or by some professor belonging to the faculty of Theology. Nothing else was thought worthy of the name of religion at that time, not even what existed on the

classical soil of Greece and Italy. What we now call the religion of Greeks and Romans was then considered as either mere mythology or as pagan superstition, and lectures on the popular traditions or sacred customs of these two classical countries fell naturally to the share of the professors of Greek and Latin. As far as I remember, the first German scholar who wrote on the religion of the Romans as distinct from their mythology, was J. A. Hartung. His valuable book, "*Die Religion der Römer*," published in 1836, seems to have attracted little attention outside of Germany, but it certainly marked a new era in the historical study of religion, and is by no means antiquated, even now. Hartung's admirers and followers expected another work from him on the religion of the Greeks, but, unfortunately, he died before it was finished, and what was published after his death from his MS., "*Die Religion und Mythologie der Griechen*," 1865, is not to be compared to his first book. The first volume, containing what is called a "Natural history of heathen religions," throws out some useful hints on the origin and growth of religion as then understood. It repeats the usual explanations of the origin of mythology. Men, we are told, could not but represent to themselves whatever in nature affected them with pleasure or pain, as itself animated. This was simple Animism, but no attempt was made as yet to explain this animistic tendency in man, and to trace it back to its real source, a peculiarity of ancient language. That the gods were created by men, and therefore reflect in their character the peculiarities of their creators, whether savage or civilized, is likewise admitted, and an important hint is thrown out that religion and language are contemporaneous in their origin, marking the very beginnings of social life,—in fact, that it is through language and

religion that man first became man.

After Hartung's publications, those who had to lecture on the history of religions had to pay more attention to the forms of belief and worship among Greeks and Romans by the side of Christians and Jews; but the idea that pagan religion was of the same kind as the religion of Christians and Jews was hardly hinted at as yet. With the spreading of Semitic studies beyond the narrow sphere of Hebrew, the religion of the Phœnicians in ancient times, had likewise to be included in the history of religions, while the gradual decipherment of Egyptian hieroglyphics and of cuneiform inscriptions, added new chapters to this ever-increasing subject. The archives of the ancient religion of India and Persia were likewise opened, and Chinese missionaries added large materials to what was still called the History of Religions, not yet the History of Religion. The accumulation of material had been so sudden and so enormous, that no one ventured as yet on a comprehensive study of all these forms of faith. The professor of Chinese lectured on Confucius and Lao-tze, the professor of Persian on Zoroaster, the professor of Sanskrit on the Vedas and Purānas, the professor of Arabic on Mohammed. This system lasted for some time, and it certainly had one great advantage; no one lectured on any religion unless he knew something of it, and not merely about it, unless he knew at least the language in which its sacred books were written, and was able to appeal to authoritative documents in support of his opinions.

Soon, however, new interests arose. As a comparative study of languages had proved quite a new relationship between the principal languages of Europe and Asia, it was supposed that the same kind of relationship might be discovered between the vari-

ous religions of the ancient world also. And so it was. As all the Semitic languages had one unmistakable type, and all Aryan languages another, every Semitic religion turned out to possess one physiognomy, every Aryan religion another. Hence, to derive any Aryan religion from a Semitic source was, in ancient times, at least, as impossible and unscientific as to derive Greek from Hebrew. Whatever there was of Semitic thought and language in any of the Aryan religions was of necessity borrowed, and could not claim any organic relationship, however interesting it might be for historical purposes. It thus became possible to construct historical pedigrees of the Semitic as well as of the Aryan religions, though, of course, for the earliest periods of their history only.

A new and very critical step was taken soon after. As long as these studies remained almost exclusively in the hands of scholars and historians, they attempted no more than a history of the principal religions of the world. Meiner's *"Allgemeine kritische Geschichte der Religionen,"* 1806, is a well-known specimen of that class of work. But as facts accumulated, the love of generalization set in, and instead of religions and their history, we begin to hear of religion as a thing by itself, the same in the South and in the North, the same among savage and highly civilized nations. Philosophers take the place of historians, and undertake to account for the origin, not of such and such a religion, but of religion in general, and even to explain the laws which, they suppose, governed its development. The history of religions was thus supplanted by the history of religion; only it was difficult to say where that religion in general was to be found. A good example of this class of works may be seen in Benjamin Constant's *"De la Religion considérée dans sa source, ses formes, et ses*

développements," 1824-31. This represented, no doubt, an advance; but it was a most dangerous advance, because it opened the door to all kinds of theories long before a sufficient number of facts had been accumulated and critically sifted. From an historical point of view, the historical existence of such a thing as religion in general had yet to be proved, while the admission of a common pre-historic religion from which all historic religions were derived, was a mere postulate, pregnant with the most misleading deductions, and hardly preferable to the belief in a primeval revelation, of which so much was written during the eighteenth century.

Pre-eminent among the leaders of this philosophic and generalizing movement stand two names, Schelling and Hegel. They endeavored to show that there was an intelligible origin, not so much for any individual religion, but rather for religion in the abstract, and that its historical development was determined by certain laws—nay, by logical necessities—so that it could not have been different from what, as history shows us, it has been. No one can deny that this treatment has thrown much unexpected light on many of the phases of religious thought, but it is responsible also for considerable confusion of thought on the subject. Where was this general religion to be found, except in the individual religions; and where could those individual religions be studied, except in their sacred books, many of which were not yet accessible? Thus it happened that not only were many of the facts on which some very large theories had been built up very ill-ascertained, but they had often been adapted to the very theories which they were meant to support; so that we were left with many theories, and with but very few well-established facts.

Neither Schelling nor Hegel could have read a line of the Rig-Veda or the Avesta, yet they assigned to each what they supposed its right place in the development of religion. Others compared religions such as Buddhism and Christianity, knowing, no doubt, Christianity in its present form, but hardly anything authentic or chronologically settled of the history of Buddhism. There is, no doubt, such a thing as religion in the abstract, or religion common to all mankind, but have we any right to identify that religion with the few historical religions the history of which is known to us?

Very soon another step followed. If religion was to be studied in the religions of the leading nations of the world, why should it not be studied equally well in the religions of savage, barbarous, and uncivilized tribes? The question was very natural, but the difficulties in this case were enormous. No one without a knowledge of the language spoken by such savage tribes, whether a missionary or a casual traveller, could claim a hearing from serious students. If Schelling did not know either Sanskrit or Zend, what did men like De Brosses know of the language and of the thoughts of the Negroes on the West Coast of Africa, where *fetichos* (*factitia*, amulets) were supposed to have had their natural home? And yet he had not only traced the origin of the religious views and practices of African Negroes, of which he knew next to nothing, back to a worship of fetiches, but he boldly proclaimed fetishism to be the origin of most, though not yet of all, religions. This last step was left to Bastholm. A more preposterous theory has seldom been promulgated; but, as the idea of religion in general had once been started and accepted, new attempts were made from time to time to find the origin of that general religion in some peculiar variety of religion, par-

ticularly if it happened to be prevalent among races upon a very low level of civilization. Thus totemism, ancestor worship, animism were all tried in turn to serve as keys to the origin of religion. To say that these theories were built up on "scandalously ill-certified facts" is going too far. The stories of savage or barbarous tribes as collected by Klemm, Bastholm, Waitz and Tylor, cannot claim the same authority as the stories collected by Pausanias or by Grimm, much contested as even these have been, but they are by no means to be rejected altogether, and it would be unfair to charge a man such as Waitz, the editor of Aristotle's "Organon," with having been uncritical in collecting his evidence. On the contrary, it was he who protested against trusting to the unauthenticated reports of travellers and even of missionaries, and who pointed out, for instance, that some of the lowest African idolaters had always possessed, with all their fetishism, a very clear idea of one Supreme Deity. The mistake common to all these attempts was their treating religion as one, and trying to recognize in the rationale of one the rationale of all religions. We may compare the separate streams of religion one with the other, and it is no doubt this comparative study of religions which has excited the greatest interest of late. It has sometimes been called Comparative Religion; but if we can form no definite idea of religion as such, what shall we think of Comparative Religion? A comparative study of bones is called comparative anatomy, not comparative bones. Why then, should a comparative study of religions be called comparative religion, and not comparative theology, or a comparative study of religion, or simply the Science of religion? Most sciences in this age of ours have become comparative even without being called so, and as every science is based on a compari-

son of facts, the Science of religion also would naturally include a comparison of religions from their inevitable mythological beginning to their latest philosophical aspirations.

In this comparative theology, however, as much as in comparative philology, the beginning must always be made with comparing homogeneous or organically related religions,—Semitic, Aryan, Australian, American or African. It may be instructive also to collect coincidences between religions that cannot possibly have had the same origin. But such casual likenesses can receive a truly scientific value in cases only where religions or languages have been proved to be genealogically or historically connected. There is a large field still open to students of religion,—first in collecting and critically sifting materials; secondly, in discovering coincidences; and thirdly, in finding out, if possible, the reason of such coincidences, whether in the common nature of the human mind, or in the peculiar character of

the physical environment which acted on the human mind in different parts of the world and in successive periods of its historical development. If, as is now generally admitted, mythology was the first attempt at a poetical interpretation of the most important phenomena of nature, we can easily see how there was an easy transition from these efforts to know all the causes of things (*rerum cognoscere causas*) to the higher efforts to know the cause of all things. And if we remember that the nature of Aryan speech was such that it could at first express agents only,—doers, not things done; rainers not rain; lighteners, not lightnings, it is not difficult to understand how the agents of the great and constantly present drama of Nature were merged at last in the Supreme Agent, the Author and Ruler of all things. On this point all serious scholars seem to be agreed, however they may differ, and honestly differ, on certain points of detail.

F. Max Müller.

The Academy.

THE FEDERAL TROUBLES IN GERMANY.

The Federal system of the German Empire, which is unique and without precedent in any of the many Republics which have adopted that method of national organization, is in some respects a very strong one, but it has dangers within it of its own. It is strongly bound together by the great and ill-defined authority of the Emperor, who is at once King and Premier, by his rights as Commander-in-Chief of a great army—rights which on the Continent are far more extensive than in Great Britain—and by uniform codes both of criminal and of civil law. It has, too, in practice, but one voice on

foreign politics, for although Bavaria retains the right of sending Ministers abroad, they have not differed with the Imperial representatives, and are, in international relations, very nearly forgotten. The representation of the whole Empire by universal suffrage in the Reichstag, gives an appearance, at least, of general consent to taxation and the laws, while the Federal Council is perhaps the most successful Upper House, not excepting even the Senate of the United States, which has ever been artificially constructed. The powers it possesses are quite real, for it represents the Sovereign Princes of

the Empire, who are entities, at least as strong as the State Legislatures of America, and much stronger than our own Lords, while the difference in the magnitude of the different states, instead of being denied, as it is across the Atlantic, is formally acknowledged by a corresponding difference in the number of their votes. Moreover, the chances of collision between two co-ordinate bodies are carefully provided against, for the Imperial Government subjects no measure to the ordeal of public discussion until it has already been accepted or modified by the Federal Council. And, finally, the Federal Councillors being, in fact, carefully picked officials who debate in secret, there is no danger of their acting rashly or under the dominion of any of the impulses known usually as "party spirit." It is no matter for surprise, therefore, that the Constitutional Pact has worked fairly well, and that for twenty-seven years no serious thought has been entertained, either of superseding it by a unitarian Government, or of remodelling its provisions.

Nevertheless, this Constitution has some weak places. One is the method of providing for the Army by indents on the different States, which in certain contingencies would allow those States to lock the wheels of the great machine. Another is that the Emperor might be outvoted in the Federal Council without being compelled to change either his advisers or his policy, — a difficulty, however, which the United States has survived for more than a hundred years; a third is that the Emperor, as Sovereign, and as Commander-in-Chief, is allowed a position which an unwise man might abuse; and a fourth is that the different States, though unequal in representative power, are absolutely equal in status, and their Sovereigns are liable to feel personal affronts or rewards, at least as strongly as the States of

America feel any sectional or party impulse. The third and fourth difficulties are in front just now, and are producing, it is alleged, very serious discontent. The little State of Lippe Detmold, a principality with only 120,000 inhabitants, recently appointed a Regent of whom the Emperor did not approve, and he, therefore, availed himself of a question of pedigree to forbid the officer in command in the State to salute the children of the Regent in the accustomed method. The Regent complained in plain, but not unbecoming language, but the Emperor refused to alter his order, and treating the Regent as his subordinate officer, sharply rebuked him for addressing him in such a style. This has set all Germany in a flame. All the Princes fear lest their technical equality as Sovereigns should be subjected to a similar "outrage," while they do not exactly know how to obtain redress. In the event of quarrels among themselves, they can appeal to the Federal Council; but this is not a quarrel, and if they appeal, they, in fact, allow questions of succession and of sovereign rights, which ought to be settled within the individual States, to be settled by an external authority. This they will not, and, indeed, in view of their subjects' rights, cannot do, and they, therefore, feel like men who have received an insult, but are left without any remedy, either from the laws or from their own strength. Their subjects and many Prussians appear to agree with them, and the general discontent is rapidly solidifying itself into two assertions, — one that the Emperor, to use common language, "takes too much upon himself," and the other that he ought not to act so frequently in his individual capacity, but, like his grandfather, should consult his Ministers, and, so far as possible, act through them. They, it is argued, would shield him effectually from personal quarrels, such

as seem likely to be fastened on him, while they would also shield the minor Sovereigns from infringements of their dignity, which, supposing they could be attempted by mere Ministers, could be treated as blunders instead of intentional assaults.

We confess to a suspicion, as outsiders, that the Emperor has a complete technical defence. He is Commander-in-Chief in the Empire, as well as Emperor, and as Commander-in-Chief, he was within his rights. The original question was one of military discipline, and the order which offended the Regent, proceeded from the Commander-in-Chief. The Regent holds a position in the Imperial Army, and it is exceedingly difficult to say that a Commander-in-Chief may not rebuke a subordinate for the tone of a telegram of remonstrance. Only we do not quite see why, if that is the explanation, it is not, in a nation like the German, where military etiquette is so religiously preserved, at once acknowledged to be sufficient. It certainly is not, for it is not denied in any quarter that the Emperor has offended the dignity of his allies, and that the Federal bond has thereby been perceptibly weakened. That is a serious matter, for although the Sovereigns are not strong enough to demand redress under threats of secession, they are strong enough to outvote Prussia in the Federal Council, and thus to throw heavy, it may even be insuperable, obstacles in the way of the Imperial policy. They can, for instance, forbid the increase,

The Economist.

said to be under consideration, in the Imperial Army, and even insist upon clauses in the next Septennial Bill which the Commander-in-Chief will altogether disapprove of. A discontent of that kind, extending to Sovereigns, is sure to be reflected in their armies, and must weaken the Empire at a time when it requires that its strength in all departments should be carefully braced up. It is probable that the Emperor, who has returned from Palestine, and who, though over self-confident, is a man of great ability, will find some road out of the apparent *impasse*, but it is to be hoped that the lesson will not be wholly lost upon him. It is much safer for any Sovereign, however strong, to place Ministers between himself and his allies or subjects, so as, without diminishing his own ultimate power, to allow the latter to remonstrate without being compelled to treat the remonstrance as a kind of *l'esc majesté*. Nobody is quite so angry or so dangerous as critics honestly offended, but choked into silence. Ministers so employed must, of course, be thoroughly informed, and the danger of impulsive orders is thus lessened, while the necessity of explanation, even to inferiors, compels a ruler to reflect on designs which otherwise may be only sudden or half-thought-out resolves. "The Emperor," once said a critic who knew him well. "is always well-intentioned; his fault is that he is always in a hurry." Nothing corrects that foible like a discussion, even with one man.

THE SNOW IS COMING.

It is a long while since anything happened in this world for the first time. The first time the sun shone,—the first time the snow fell,—these things are

not matter of record. By good luck, the first time is always recurring,—especially in London. What Londoner does not remember the first time the sun

shone again after a fog that lasted a week? And when the first snow falls, the cockneys do not take it as if they were country folk. Strange excitement comes over them at the mere thought of sooty London dressed in white. A few go about quoting Mr. Robert Bridges, who alone of poets has understood them on this point; and the rest quote him without knowing.

I had not accounted to myself for it; but an unusual stir in my blood moved me to run, to shout, to sing, or behave in a manner that might have caused the police to interfere, as I went along the streets one evening in early winter. The gas-lamp is in itself a signal for the enjoyment of Londoners. They may be half asleep all day, but with the yellow dawning of those myriads of stars a glow of warmth quickens them. So much the better, if there should be a moon to make faces among the chimney-tops! (There was a moon that night.) If the snow be on the way, and the air tense with the expectation of it, the nerves awake and sting the languid soul into pleasure.

I turned down a poor alley to visit an acquaintance there,—an Essex woman who talks about "threadling" her needle, and supposes the plural of "house" to be "housen." She is married to a sailor, who sails the seas no more. He sometimes tries to explain to me the geography—or seaography—of a ship. I never understand it, but I have learned to talk about "the yals" and "the main-topgallon," whatever that may be.

"The snow is coming!" I said to his wife, with as much exultation as if I had said "The Queen is coming!"

"Yes, miss," she said, "and coals is one-and-threepence a hundred, and they'll go up." She glanced at the sky.

What a pity it is to have a financial interest in the weather! I felt ashamed because I had none. I remembered Mrs. Ewing's heroine, who

poked the fire "expensively," and sighed a little—and smiled also—to think that I could poke mine as often as I liked. Then I went into the South Kensington Museum, to look for a spinning-wheel.

The policeman and the man at the entrance were divided in their minds as to whether a spinning-wheel is a piece of furniture or a machine. If it is a piece of furniture, yes, you will find it there! If it is a machine, no, you will never find it unless you go across the road. Not feeling inclined to go across the road, I chose to consider it furniture.

Past one half and then the other of the column of Trajan, through the old tapestry room, down the narrow corridor of snow-men and snow-women bequeathed to us by Greeks and Romans, I went; and reached at last the place where chairs and tables, and beds, and cabinets, and mirrors, ranged with forlorn regularity, show what beautiful homes people had once. There was never a spinning-wheel among them. I listened for the ghostly hum of it in vain.

Tired out after a long search, I sat down to rest on the pedestal of a cupboard.

The gallery was quite deserted, except for a woman of middle age, who seemed willing, neither to go nor to stay. Something fidgety and wistful about her compelled one to notice her movements. She went to and fro with rapid, uncertain steps, making indefinite pauses before the object of her consideration—trying to leave it, as it were—always returning. The magnetic force that attracted her seemed to reside in a wooden cradle. There was nothing particular about it; it was not like the cradle of the Earl of Derwentwater, which stood near by,—three black feathers that had once been golden still waved stiffly over the head. It was just a wooden cradle,—nothing

more, nothing less. Yet she came back again and again, as if she could not tear herself from the spot. She was a well-favored person, fresh and weather-beaten, as though she had lived much in the open air. Her dress was so neat that the shabby material of it did not at first strike the eye; would not perhaps have struck me at all, but for the fact that she wore woolen gloves. She was clearly a single woman; I could have told that by the vague suddenness of motion, which is common to those who are much by themselves, and have not to think of disturbing other women in the room.

"You here!" she said, addressing a policeman, as he went by. "Mine is much better than that," and she pointed to the cradle. Her accent was good, but she spoke rather too loud for a lady.

"Indeed Miss?" said the guardian of law and order, with great politeness. He knew as well as I did that she was Miss and not Mrs.

"Mine is old; it's been in our family from father to son, and all that kind of thing," she went on. "The Museum's given 6*l.* for that. Do you think, now, they would give me 6*l.* for mine? The carving on mine's much better. I know, because I'm an artist. That's not good art at all. Now mine's Elizabethan."

"Maybe, Miss. Couldn't say. We ain't got but one or two specimens."

"I've half a mind to do it," she said, in quick, excited tones. "It's awfully cold. I believe the snow's coming. I'm

sick to death of London lodgings; there isn't room to swing a cat in them. I'd better by half have a fire to sit by. And I could always come and see the cradle here, couldn't I? They wouldn't take it away? I could always come and see it? I could come and see it every day if I liked."

The policeman reassured her as to this and moved on. Now, I thought, she surely would go. But she did not. She waited until the policeman was out of sight, when she took a biscuit from her pocket and began to eat carefully and furtively, making as few crumbs as possible. It was her afternoon tea, I supposed, and she was taking it here for the sake of the warmth.

"I beg your pardon," I began. "I heard you say just now that you had a beautiful old cradle. I happen to know a lady who is fond of such things. I feel sure that she would give you 10*l.* if you would be so kind as to dispose of it to her."

"No," she said, without a moment's hesitation. "I wouldn't part with it, not to any private individual. It was my mother's, and my mother's mother's before her. I wouldn't let it go except to here. And I wouldn't do that, only the snow's coming. But I can come and see it here every day—every day—just as if it was in my own room."

There was a refreshing absence of gratitude about her; she did not even say "Thank you." I turned away.

The streets were brighter, the air tingled more fiercely than ever as I went home; but I felt glad no longer because the snow was coming.

M. E. Coleridge.

Cornhill Magazine.

TWO POLAR EXPEDITIONS.*

During the winter of 1897-98 Christiania has been the principal rendezvous of Polar travelers. The Duke of

Abruzzi went northward to prepare for his future Polar expedition. Mr. Jackson came to Christiania to write his account of his stay in Franz-Joseph-Land. Captain Otto Sverdrup was in

* Translated for *The Living Age* by Mary J. Safford.

the midst of his preparations for the next voyage of the "Fram," and Borchgrevink, the explorer of the South Pole, was similarly engaged. With the spring came the Italian Crown Prince and his Montenegrin wife in their magnificent yacht, and Mr. Wellman, the American, both on the way to the Polar sea, Wellman even with the North Pole as his goal. So Christiania became a principal station on the way.

Sverdrup's expedition—the second Norwegian one—started from Christiania on the 24th of June. The famous "Fram" was subjected, during the winter, to a thorough overhauling, by which she has been considerably enlarged and improved. The ship has been made higher, and the forward deck is broader and stronger than before. The experiences gained during the first expedition (from 1893 to 1896) have been utilized, and the accommodations under the forward deck are now very comfortable. Sverdrup will discard electricity, as the machine formerly used proved somewhat impractical and hard to manage. In its place he will use petroleum. There are more state-rooms. Two cabins are fitted up, while the first expedition had only one; the main object has been to increase comfort as much as possible, and this, in spite of the small dimensions of the vessel, has been tolerably successful. The old engine has been retained. It is very weak and can only propel the ship against a strong current with great difficulty, as was proved at the departure in the Christiania fjord in the straits of Oscarsborg. The vessel is evidently specially adapted to sail with the stream, not against it.

The "Fram" is heavily laden with petroleum and dynamite. The petroleum is for heating and cooking; the dynamite is to be used for breaking up ice, and may be of great value if the vessel is to be extricated from it again. Yet the possibility that such a cargo

might be dangerous should not be forgotten, and there is no sign of any apparatus for extinguishing fire in the otherwise very perfect equipment.

At the time of leaving Christiania the expedition had very few dogs, principally Norwegian elk and bear dogs. In Greenland about one hundred Esquimaux dogs will be taken on board, to be used later for the trips on sledges.

From Christiania, the ship went to Christiansand, whence Sverdrup sent his last telegrams to King Oscar, the Crown Princess, the Norwegian government, the Geographical Society, etc. Then the "Fram" went out on the high seas to sail northward from the Orkney Islands across the Atlantic ocean to Greenland. In Greenland the expedition will touch at Egedesminde, Goodshaab, and Upernavik, and in October the last news will probably be received from its members. Sverdrup estimates the time which he will require to obtain results at three years; according to that, we should not expect the return of the expedition before 1901; I hope it may then arrive with all its members. I asked Sverdrup myself if he might not return in 1900, but he said it was extremely improbable. On the other hand, a four years' stay—till 1902—is by no means unlikely.

While the "Fram" in the first expedition, under Professor Nansen's guidance, went principally into regions previously unknown, this time Sverdrup will visit portions of the earth which have been repeatedly traversed by his predecessors in Polar investigation. Not until he has left Robeson Channel behind will the investigation of wholly new districts begin. Here many problems of the utmost importance will present themselves to the commander and his staff of scientists. Sverdrup has studied these problems very earnestly, and is accompanied by able specialists, who will undertake comprehensive investigations of the tracks through

which they pass. The crew is a picked one, and contains the giant Peter Henriksen, who went on the first expedition under Nansen. Otherwise, with the exception of the guides, all the members are new men who take part in so long a Polar expedition for the first time; most of them, however, come from the most northern portion of Norway, and know by their own experience at least the darkness of the Polar night.

The expenses of the expedition will be exclusively defrayed by the Norwegian government, which provides the vessel, newly fitted up at the cost of the state. The remaining expenditures will be borne by three wealthy men in Christiania, the Brothers Ellef and Amund Ringnes, and Consul Axel Helberg. The total cost of the expedition has not been officially stated.

Among the sixteen members are a Swede and a Dane. The young Swedish naturalist, Simmons, has charge of the botany, while zoology is intrusted to the Dane, Bay, who, after his return, wishes to take charge of a new expedition to Melville Bay; he was a member of the Danish one under Ryder to East Greenland. Among the Norwegian members, those especially prominent are: Naval Lieutenant Baumann, Lieutenant Isacksen of the Cavalry, and the young geologist Per Schey, who has just passed his university examination and been appointed to the department of Metallurgy in the University of Christiania.

The first task of the expedition will be the investigation of the northern point of Greenland and the regions lying still farther north. During the Nansen expedition, Sverdrup had fixed his eyes upon them and planned his new one. A scientific examination of these hitherto partially visited countries must necessarily bring results to several departments of science. The ship will be the station whence expedi-

tions will set forth in different directions and again establish new stations. From the latter, fresh advances can be made toward the unknown wildernesses.

It is Sverdrup's intention to have his route marked by tall stone pillars (called, in the Norwegian language, *varder*,) to be erected on prominent points. According to *Landsbladet*, a newspaper published in Christiania, the following places, according to his statement, have been selected. 1, Littleton Island; 2, Crozier Island or Franklin Island, or Cape Constitution; 3, Polaris House (Greenland); 4, Cape Summer; 5, Cape Brevoort; 6, Cape Stanton; 7, Frankfield Bay; 8, Cape Bryant; 9, Cape Cleveland; 10, Cape May; 11, Cape Britannia (82 deg. 41 min.); 12, Cape Frederick; 13, Low Point; 14, Cape Ramsay; 15, Cape Neumayer; 16, Brainard Island or Cape Kane. Beyond, everything is still uninvestigated. But there also, wherever Sverdrup, in his advance, finds an opportunity, he will erect similar "*varder*" as monuments of his journey. The plan seems good and practical, and its execution may be of service to future travellers. From the main and the side stations the entire chart of northern Greenland is to be made. As Elvind Artrup accurately drew Melville Bay, his countrymen will now, in a similar manner, prepare a chart of the most northern portion of Greenland and open it to science. This is officially stated to be the main purpose of the expedition.

No obligatory instructions from home will hamper it here. If a favorable opportunity presents itself, Sverdrup will apply himself to other work. Naturally laconic, he has said little about such plans. I questioned him frequently, but received no definite answer. Yet I will venture to surmise that the desire to reach the North Pole exists in him this time also. It may be expected that, if possible, he will un-

dertake an expedition in sledges to the Pole, to pass beyond the 89th degree. But before he makes the attempt he will acquaint himself personally with the conditions; not until after mature consideration on the spot will he start such an expedition. Sverdrup is full of daring courage, but at the same time he is extremely cautious. If he pushes forward in the direction of the Pole, it may be taken for granted that his advance will demand a long time, and according to all human conjecture, will be successful.

In this, as in all other matters, Sverdrup has absolute freedom of decision. He has considered every possible contingency, but has bound himself to nothing. The only thing definitely determined is the passage through the Robeson Channel which if necessary, he can effect by blasting. This is part of his plan, and he will make every effort to accomplish it. But after the investigation of the most northern part of Greenland, he can just as well turn toward the northwest as to the northeast. He will not, however, enter Jackson's route, since the latter, as he told me himself,—when he sails with his Polar expedition in 1899, will go westward through Jones's Sound and not turn northward until later. Peary's eventual route will turn more toward the east. A meeting is well nigh impossible,—the Arctic seas are too wide.

A question that interests me personally is the northern limit of human life. I have discussed it a great deal with Captain Sverdrup and Lieutenant Isachsen, and during the expedition very careful observations will be made of all traces of human settlements. Every discovery of this sort will be preserved, and later placed in the Ethnographical Museum at Christiania with the most accurate account of the circumstances attending the discovery. We may hope that so systematic an investigation will have admirable re-

sults, and cast a new light upon the races on the extreme verge of the Arctic region. It is to include every trace of human beings, and be especially directed toward establishing the advance and retrogression of the northern boundary of these peoples.

Above all, in this expedition, science is to be placed in the foreground, and its aims will be the principal pursuit. The expedition is more numerous than the first one, and Nansen's democratic mode of life will not be followed. In the former all lived together, while now, special quarters, separate from those of the crew, will be assigned to the officers and the staff of scientists. The noonday meals alone will be taken together.

The culinary outfit is particularly good. Part of the food is from Thorne's manufactory at Moss, part is from Beauvais in Copenhagen.

The "*Fram*," now on the Atlantic Ocean, is at least as well provisioned as on her first voyage, and, so long as the ship does not succumb to the ice, her crew will suffer no hunger. While we are awaiting the first news from Greenland, we shall have time to think of the second expedition which sailed from Christiania the last of July for London, whence it goes to Tasmania. From Hobart it will start in December for the vast Antarctic region.

It is not an unpleasant change to turn our attention to an expedition sent to the neighborhood of the South Pole. People—especially in Christiania—are becoming a little wearied of the North Pole. The South Pole is somewhat new in comparison; it has been much less discussed.

The head of the Antarctic expedition is Carsten Ezeberg Borchgrevink, known as a member of the South Polar expedition of 1894-1895. He is a native of Norway, his mother was an Englishwoman. He received his education partly in Norway, where he studied for

several years in Tharand; then he went to Australia, where he supported himself for eight years, partly as a land surveyor, partly as a teacher of German. Later he made the voyage with the "Antarctic," returned to London in 1895, and thence went back to Norway. Afterward he travelled through Europe, America and Australia to awaken interest in an expedition to the South Pole. Sometimes he seemed on the eve of success, but the hope of fitting out an expedition soon vanished. Then he met in London the great publisher, Sir George Newnes, and the latter became his Macænas by placing 20,000 pounds sterling at his disposal. So Borchgrevink had at last reached his goal, and can now lead the first scientific expedition to the South Pole. True, Gerlache has already set out with his Belgian expedition; but apparently he has been overtaken by some accident, and Borchgrevink will probably also receive the commission to seek Gerlache and the "Belgica" between Terra del Fuego and New Zealand.

The other members are Norwegians or Englishmen. The magnetic observations, which, during such a voyage, are of extraordinary value, have been placed in the hands of two Englishmen, W. Colbecks, a captain in the navy, trained in the observatory at Kew, and Lewis Bernacchis, from the observatory at Melbourne; the latter was originally appointed to accompany Gerlache, but will now go with Borchgrevink, Privy Councillor Dr. Neumayer, has rendered the expedition priceless service.

The surgeon, Herlof Klivstat, is a Norwegian, and so is the zoologist, Nicolai Hanson, who has recently worked at the biological station at Dröbak. On the other hand, another scientist, Hugh Evans, is an Englishman; the latter has been on an expedition to Kerguelen's Land. The captain of the ship, Bernard Jensen, is a

Norwegian from Tönsberg; he has made numerous voyages to the northern Polar seas, and went on the "Antarctic" to the South Polar region as navigator. This expedition also is hampered by no instructions. Sir George Newnes imposed no conditions, and Borchgrevink is absolutely free; he can go wherever he chooses. His plan is to steer directly from Hobart Town to Cape Adare, to find a favorable place for the main station. When this is secured, he will at once erect the modern houses brought from Norway, and then make short expeditions inland over the ice. Afterwards, longer trips into the interior will be undertaken, probably toward the magnetic South Pole, which is fixed as the first main goal. The vessel will return to Hobart Town to deliver mail, so that we may have the first full account of the expedition in Europe by February, 1899. It is not impossible that the ship in the late Southern summer, may sail again to Cape Adare, and remain there during the winter. In that case, a great inland journey will be undertaken in the spring of 1899,—with what objects the future must show. The members of the expedition are prepared to remain two years without any communication with the rest of the world. Probably, however, they will return to Hobart Town in the Southern summer of 1900-1901.

The ship "Southern Cross" is a Norwegian sealer, bought in Arendal, thoroughly repaired in Sandefjord, and provided with excellent new engines in Frederikstadt. The builder is Colin Archer, who also built the "Fram." The outfit is first class, so that the members of the expedition can remain without anxiety for three or four years in the distant, unknown continent. The larger portion of the provisions will be furnished from England.

The "Southern Cross" must be classed as a strong vessel, which can

cope with the ice-fields and ice-bergs. It offers many more comforts than the "Fram," and is also more elegantly furnished. The engine is, by comparison, very powerful, and in this respect also, the ship is far superior to the "Fram." Borchgrevink knows the Southern Polar Sea by personal experience, and does not undervalue the dangers there. Captain Jensen, a seaman of the Sverdrup stamp, undoubtedly knows how to meet these perils, and so far as it depends on human ability, can be relied upon to reach the goal. Of farther risks to be encountered we can form only a vague, general impression. We know so little about the peculiarities of the region, that it would not be advisable to enter into detailed conjectures.

In general, it may be said that an expedition which has established a firm footing in the South Polar country must bring back important results, for which reason the voyage of the "Southern Cross" has a right to be watched with interest by the scientific world. Hitherto, the national question has played a part in the matter. For

Deutsche Revue.

instance, the Times, in a recent article upon the future expedition of the Royal Geographical Society also mentions the Borchgrevink-Newnes expedition, but only with cool recognition; it would probably yield results, but it was not precisely English; the leader was a Norwegian, the crew was Norwegian, the ship was Norwegian, etc. In Norway, also, public opinion has been very cool. Here, on the other hand, it was said: the flag is English, the money is English, etc.

Yet the principal point is not nationality. The scientific gains must be placed in the foreground, and national considerations fill a secondary position. As soon as the scientific results of the new journey of investigation lie before us, they will probably be able to assert their right to fitting recognition. The expedition—except the one under Geriache—is the first of its kind, and will open a series of expeditions to the South Polar region. It must be watched with the same interest as the two "Fram" expeditions, and whatever it brings back must be the common property of the whole scientific world.

Ingvar Nielsen.

LORD OF THE WINDS.

Thou, Lord, who holdest in Thy hand
The four great winds at Thy command,
Now, bid the East Wind wander mourning
In deserts vast and burning.

But bid Thy West Wind blow again,
Thou, Lord, that rulest earth and main,
And all the little flower-sweet faces
Shine in the sunny places.

Pall Mall Gazette.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The first volume of the new edition of Mr. Spencer's "Biology," which has been revised and much enlarged, has just been published by the Appletons.

"The Prisoners of Hope," Miss Mary Johnston's romance of Virginia, has already reached a sale of five thousand copies, which is an unusual record for the unheralded first book of an unknown author.

A new novel of life in the East end of London, by Charles Banks, is entitled "All Sorts and Conditions of Women," thereby inviting comparison with Sir Walter Besant's famous story in a manner which seems a little audacious.

Mr. Hamilton Wright Mable's charming essay, "In the Forest of Arden," is published by Dodd, Mead & Co. in an edition which Mr. Will H. Low has decorated with marginal embellishments and full-page pictures which reflect the dreamy fascination of the text.

The story of the life of Christ has been many times retold, from all points of view and for all classes of readers, but never more simply and sympathetically for young children than in George Ludington Weed's "Life of Christ for the Young" (George W. Jacobs & Co., publishers).

The demand for the December Century exhausted the supply, and left many would-be buyers unsatisfied. This is a calamity which the publishers would have borne with equanimity, had it not been that the covers were printed in Paris, and it was impossible

to procure more in season to meet the demand.

A novel by Charles Lever, hitherto overlooked in the supposed complete edition of his writings, is to be published soon. It is entitled "Gerald Fitzgerald the Chevalier," and was printed as a serial in the Dublin University Magazine thirty or forty years ago.

Mr. Walter Scott Perry's volume "Egypt, the Land of the Temple Builders" published by the Prang Educational Company, does not embody the results of original investigations, but provides a succinct and elementary summary of Egyptian art, and especially of Egyptian religious symbolism. Its usefulness is enhanced by the number and excellence of its illustrations.

Fiction, like many another department of literature, is feeling the influence of the recent war. In "Lasca," (B. Herder, publisher), a modest little collection of short stories, by Mary F. Nixon, the chief characters are Spaniards who are in some manner associated with Americans, and the race differences are strongly accented. A Spaniard's view of the American women, as given in "The Señorita Americano," is especially interesting.

The Academy makes the somewhat surprising statement that the edition of the Revised Version just issued by the University Presses and described as the "American Revised Bible" has been published without the knowledge or consent of the American Revision Committee, who should not be held responsible for its accuracy. The sur-

viving members of that Committee are engaged upon an edition, which will not be ready for publication for several months.

Where one person is privileged to linger in the art galleries of Europe, and study at leisure the works of the great masters, thousands derive pleasure from such reproductions of great paintings as are easily accessible in the form of photographs or engravings. To help to a better appreciation of these reproductions is the modest but useful purpose of a little volume entitled "How to Enjoy Pictures," written by M. S. Emery and published by the Prang Educational Company. Fifty artists are represented in the pictures which are reproduced and described in these pages, and the subjects are varied and well chosen.

The writer of short stories has not infrequently found the members of his own craft excellent targets for his good-humored shafts, and one of the best examples of such marksmanship occurs in a book entitled "Some Persons Unknown," (Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers), by E. W. Hornung. In "A Literary Coincidence" the man who is a novelist, an editor, and "a good father" all three, is seen at his best. There are a number of especially bright tales in the collection, and the "unknown" individuals are worth knowing.

Two companion volumes, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, tell the story of the recent war in a picturesque style, and with sufficient fullness of detail. Richard Harding Davis describes "The Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns" with the vividness of an eye witness, and distributes praise and blame with a free hand. John R. Spears narrates the achievements of "Our Navy in the War with Spain" in a manner which happily combines

expert knowledge with a direct and untechnical style. Both volumes are fully illustrated.

The English translation of Prince Bismarck's "Thoughts and Recollections," of which Harper & Bros. are the American publishers, is described by The Academy as a remarkable achievement in publishing. It is in two volumes, containing between them 768 pages, and it was translated and produced in less than three weeks. The editor, Dr. A. J. Butler, organized a staff of ten translators, each of whom turned out from four to eight pages a day, and was paid at the rate of ten shillings a page. The memoirs were not dealt with in manuscript, but came into the translators' hands partly in a printed and bound book, and partly in proofs. The first part of the book was put in type, in German, during the Prince's lifetime.

The late Sidney Lanier's essays, which his wife has grouped in a volume entitled "Music and Poetry" (Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers) were written without thought of republication, and without any special relation to each other; but they all show that keen perception of beauty, especially the beauty of sound, and that fine sensitiveness of nature which characterized Mr. Lanier's writings, whether in prose or verse. Even such of them as were, in a sense, transient, like the criticism upon the Maryland musical festival of 1878, convey general suggestions and reflections which give them a permanent value. It is an illustration, by the way, of the harassing disappointments which often overtake magazine contributors, that the opening essay in this volume, "From Bacon to Beethoven," which was sent to Lippincott's Magazine in 1876, was not published by that magazine until 1888.

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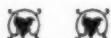
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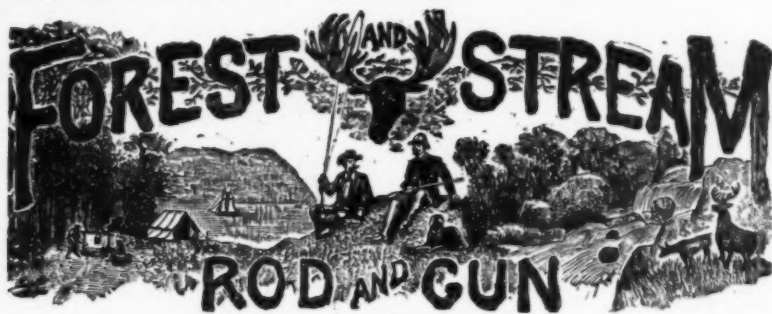


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